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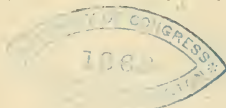






THE  
PATRIOTS AND GUERILLAS  
OF  
EAST TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.  
THE  
SUFFERINGS OF THE PATRIOTS.  
ALSO THE EXPERIENCE OF THE AUTHOR AS AN OFFICER IN THE  
UNION ARMY.  
INCLUDING SKETCHES OF  
NOTED GUERILLAS AND DISTINGUISHED PATRIOTS.

BY  
MAJOR J. A. BRENTS.



NEW YORK:  
J. A. BRENTS.  
HENRY DEXTER, PUBLISHER'S AGENT, 113 NASSAU STREET.  
1863.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by

JOHN F. TROW,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern  
District of New York.

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PRINTER, STEREOTYPY, AND ELECTROTYPY,

46, 48, & 50 Greene Street,

New York.

## P R E F A C E .

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THE public mind is at this time directed to the progress of the civil war which is desolating our beautiful land. The people are anxious to know what has been done, and who did it. Especially have they sought with eagerness for information respecting the loyal East Tennesseans. Public anxiety also has been manifested, ever since the commencement of the war, in regard to affairs in Kentucky; and people generally are desirous to know the history of men who are charged with having committed black and bloody crimes.

The writer is a Kentuckian, residing upon the Tennessee line, and served eleven months as an officer in the Union army. His position upon the border and in the army gave him an opportunity to obtain much valuable information in regard to the loyal East Tennesseans, the state of affairs in Kentucky, the progress of the war in the West, what has been done in Kentucky and Tennessee

since the rebellion broke out, and the history of men whose hands have been stained with pillage and blood. He has collected this information in the form of a book, and now offers it to the public, with the hope that it will furnish the information desired.

THE AUTHOR.

*November, 1862.*

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## INTRODUCTORY.

CRIME has existed in all ages and in all countries. Individuals, communities, and nations have alike tolerated its existence and suffered from its effects. But of all the crimes known to mankind, that of rebellion against a mild and beneficent government is the greatest. It is a vital stab at human liberty. It desolates the country by the ravages of civil war, bringing death to the door of almost every family. It imposes enormous burdens upon the people, exhausts the resources of the country, destroys commerce and trade, checks the advance of science, art, and civilization, and produces stagnation in all useful pursuits.

Such are some of the evils of rebellion; such the crime committed against the Government of the United States, the best government ever founded by man. The citizens were happy and contented, enjoying liberty in a greater degree than any people upon the earth. The Government was respected abroad, having the strength to secure it from external danger. The leaders and plotters of the rebellion knew they could not organize a better government. They did not expect to secure to the people greater prosperity and happiness, or a greater enjoyment of the blessings of liberty. The crime is magnified when we consider that *they desired and intended to secure the permanent slavery of a portion of the human race.* Of

their coadjutors, the fanatics of the North, who are not entirely blameless in this matter, I will speak in another place.

In the compilation of this work, the author has intended to give a narrative of his personal experience as an officer in the Union army, together with sketches of some of the patriots and guerillas of Tennessee and Kentucky. He believes these personal sketches sufficiently interesting and valuable to be given to the public. The narrative of the notorious guerilla, Champ Ferguson, ought to be read by every one. A thief, robber, counterfeiter, and murderer, he was eminently qualified for the position of guerilla chief.

The author designs, in this book, to expose to public view some of the evils of the rebellion. He intends also to give sketches of a few of the unflinching and unselfish patriots of Kentucky and East Tennessee. The work is not "founded on fact," in popular parlance; it contains *nothing but facts*, and the reader may rely upon it as a truthful narrative. Let the public read and learn the sufferings of a loyal people, and how much they can endure for their country's sake. I have suffered with them, and can appreciate their trials. I also am a refugee from my home; my family are among strangers, and my property has been destroyed.

That this rebellion may be crushed, and peace restored to our once happy land, is my earnest desire.

# PATRIOTS AND GUERILLAS

OF

EAST TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.



## CHAPTER I.

SUFFERINGS OF LOYAL EAST TENNESSEANS, AND LOYAL  
KENTUCKIANS ON THE TENNESSEE LINE.

As soon as the ordinance of secession was forced upon the people of Tennessee, an army was sent into East Tennessee to look after the loyal citizens (traitors, as the seceders called them). They were imprisoned, their property taken, and their families insulted and abused: many were shot and hung. As soon as this programme was adopted, large numbers fled to Kentucky for safety, and continued to flee as they could find opportunities for escape. The writer resided in Clinton county, Kentucky, on the Tennessee line, and many of these refugees passed through this county en route for Camp Dick Robinson. Here they stopped for a while, and were protected and fed by the citizens of this loyal little county. They were not permit-

ted to remain here long, but were pursued, and, together with others who were driven from their homes, fled across Cumberland river. Many of these refugees arrived in Clinton county before the writer left his home. He departed the first of August for Camp Dick Robinson, and witnessed the arrival of the East Tennesseans at this camp; and it would have excited the pity of the hardest heart to have witnessed the scene. They had bidden farewell to wives and children, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and their little homes, and with broken hearts taken their squirrel rifles upon their shoulders, and started across the mountains for the Union camp in Kentucky, where they would be beyond the reach of their persecutors, and could prepare to strike a blow for the Union and freedom, and finally return to their dear, beloved Tennessee, bearing aloft the stars and stripes, which had for so many years afforded ample protection to every American citizen. Oh, what a bitter cup to them! With what sorrow did they leave their kindred and homes! They drank of the cup. They suffered and endured all; yea, many suffered death, rather than become traitors to that Government which had afforded them and all other citizens such ample protection. They travelled day and night, sometimes concealing themselves during the day, and were frequently compelled to travel several days without food. They sometimes journeyed alone, sometimes in squads, and again two or three hundred would be together.

What a spectacle, to be at Camp Dick Robinson and witness the arrival of these refugees! Sometimes as many as three hundred would arrive together, perhaps more. Many of them had squirrel rifles and shot guns; many others were unarmed. Their clothes were torn in tatters; most of them were barefooted, and their feet bleeding from cuts received on the rocks in the mountains. Many of them were bareheaded. Some were waving little Union flags, made by their mothers, wives, and sisters, and presented to them before their departure from home. Among them were old gray-headed men, middle-aged men, and little boys, who had travelled several hundred miles, and crossed the Cumberland mountains. Many a stout heart was melted by this sight. The late General William Nelson was said to have been a cold and cruel man, but, at the spectacle, his large frame was made to tremble with emotion, while tears rolled down his cheeks; and it was known, while General Nelson was in command at Camp Dick Robinson, that as soon as he had completed the organization of the regiments then in camp, he intended to move into East Tennessee. It is to be regretted that he was not permitted to execute his plans, for I firmly believe that if the General had not been removed from this command, and had been permitted, he would have taken Knoxville, and held all of East Tennessee. This would have been a glorious result. It would have effected more than any campaign since the commencement of the war. It would

have liberated a downtrodden and oppressed people. Fifteen thousand able-bodied men would have been rescued and permitted to join the Union army, and with this acquisition, General Nelson could have held the country. Communication, to a considerable extent, would have been cut off between Virginia and the southwest, and the General been in a position to menace the rebel forces in Virginia as well as those south of him. It would have prevented the late retreat of General Buell's army from Tennessee, and have saved the devastation of Kentucky by the rebel troops. Such was the plan of General Nelson.

I saw the East Tennesseans in camp, as two regiments of them we reorganized at Camp Dick Robinson. The 1st East Tennessee regiment was commanded by Colonel Bird, Lieutenant-Colonel Spear (now Brigadier-General), and Major Shelley. The 2d East Tennessee regiment was commanded by Colonel Carter. Brigadier-General Carter was also at this camp. The East Tennesseans were obedient and industrious. They were continually drilling, and appeared very anxious to prepare themselves to do good service. They expected to return to East Tennessee as soon as their organization was completed. But in this they were sadly disappointed. In October, 1861, these two regiments received orders to march to Camp Wildcat, which was in the direction of Cumberland Gap. They believed that as soon as Gen. Zollicoffer was driven back (and of this they had no doubt), they

would be permitted to march into East Tennessee, to return to the defence of their families and their homes. When the order was read, they gave vent to their long-subdued feelings. Such shouts were never heard before. Old gray-headed fathers forgot their age, and were once more boys in spirit and feeling. They imagined that they were marching down the valleys of East Tennessee, with the stars and stripes flying, and keeping step to the music of the Union, while their children and kindred were rushing to meet and welcome them home, and they could hear the shouts of fifteen thousand brother East Tennesseans, who were ready and anxious to take up arms and rush to the defence of their country and their homes—the defence of their own firesides. Who can imagine the feelings of these brave and patriotic Tennesseans? I witnessed the scene, but I cannot describe it. They soon struck tents, loaded their wagons, and were on the march. They reached Camp Wildcat Oct. 21st, 1861, making a forced march, a short time after the battle had been fought. Here was a scene. They had feelings of regret that they were not sooner, that they might have assisted in driving back General Zollicoffer's forces. However, they rejoiced and shouted because the rebel General had been defeated, and the way opened for their return home. The Union forces pursued General Zollicoffer as far as London, Ky. In a few days an order came for the return of all the forces, except the 6th Kentucky infantry, and the 1st and 2d East

Tennessee regiments, who were to remain at that point. Here was another scene. The Tennesseans gave vent to feelings of indignation, and tears of sorrow rolled down their brawny cheeks. General Zollicoffer's forces had been driven back, and had passed through the Cumberland Gap, and they felt indignant that they were not permitted to march to the relief of their kindred and in defence of their own homes. It was a dark and gloomy day to them; their hopes were blasted; they were again cut off from their beloved East Tennessee, their families and homes.

Unfortunately, General Nelson had been given another command, and another campaign had been agreed upon. A month after this, General Zollicoffer made his appearance in front of Somerset, Ky., and threatened the Union troops at that point. The East Tennesseans begged for permission to march to Somerset, that they might have an opportunity to cross swords with General Zollicoffer's forces. They were finally permitted to march to that point. General Schoepf, the commander of the Union forces at Somerset, was kept upon the defensive, till General Thomas could march from Lebanon, Ky., via Columbia, to attack General Zollicoffer from another direction. The latter attacked a portion of General Thomas's forces before he (General Thomas) had completed his plans for the attack. Fortunately, Zollicoffer's forces were thoroughly routed. Again the Tennesseans were too late to participate in the engagement, as they came up just

in time to see the enemy's shattered columns flying for safety. The Tennesseans were first in the pursuit, and were anxious to follow the enemy into Tennessee, but they received orders to return to London, with assurances that they would be permitted to march into that State via Cumberland Gap. They at length worked their way into the Gap, where they were surrounded by a superior force, and kept in this pen for more than a month, in a half-starved and half-naked condition, and finally had to fight their way through the enemy's lines, and make their way to the Ohio river. As the history of General Morgan's retreat is fresh in the minds of the people, it is not necessary that I should add anything more, except that four other Tennessee regiments were organized at or near the Gap, during General Morgan's stay.

Such is a brief history of the sufferings and treatment of a portion of the East Tennesseans. It is not necessary that I should say any more of these loyal and patriotic people, for their devotion and sufferings are already before the public. Rev. W. G. Brownlow has delineated their trials in a graphic manner.

I will conclude this sketch of Tennesseans by noticing some of them, who have dared to oppose the rebellion and resist their persecutors.

## W. G. BROWNLOW.

As everybody appears anxious to know something of Parson Brownlow, it may not be amiss to give an anecdote or two of him. I will not vouch for the truth of the following, yet it is pretty good. It is known that he is a Methodist preacher. Upon one occasion he had an appointment to preach near Nashville. Some persons threatened him, and said he should not preach; but at the hour appointed, Brownlow walked into the pulpit, and took a Bible and pistol from his pocket, and placed them on the stand before him. He said: "By God I live—by God I am here; and I'll be damned if I don't preach." He then took his text, and preached without interruption. Afterward some of his brethren approached him, and said that he had been profane. Brownlow said: "Not at all: for God gave me life, and placed me in the pulpit; and if I had not preached, He certainly would have damned me."

Just before the Presidential election of 1856, Judge Cullom made a speech at Jamestown, Tenn., and quoted from the Congressional proceedings, to prove that Millard Fillmore was an Abolitionist. Parson Brownlow was present, and, when Judge Cullom concluded his speech, took the stand, and remarked that, if his friend had proven Millard Fillmore an Abolitionist, he had also proven himself to be one; for, upon an examination of the

records, he found that his friend Cullom had given precisely the same votes that Fillmore had, as he was a member of Congress at the same session; and that a man who would publicly condemn himself, in order to condemn another, occupied a very awkward position, and his advice ought not to be heeded. The Parson then took his seat amid roars of laughter. Cullom did not make another speech during the canvass.

#### ANDREW JOHNSON.

I can say very little of this patriot and statesman that is new. There are, however, a few incidents that I will relate, that are not generally known. After the adjournment of Congress, in March, 1861, Andrew Johnson proceeded to his home, in East Tennessee, by railway, through Virginia. He was insulted and threatened often on the route by secessionists. Upon one occasion, a young man stepped into the car in which Johnson was seated, and inquired for him. Johnson rose from his seat, and said: "Here I am. What do you want?" The young man said that he was authorized and instructed to pull his nose, and started toward Johnson; who prepared to defend himself, and told him to come on and execute his order. But the young man thought discretion the better part of valor, and, declining the honor, left the car.—After Johnson's return home, he canvassed East Tennessee, denouncing the schemes

of the secessionists, and urging the people to vote against the ordinance of secession, and to stand by the Union forever. But the secession leaders had the advantage of him. They were in power in the State, and he was not; they had the State arms in their possession, and Johnson and his friends were unarmed. The secessionists had an armed force in Middle and West Tennessee, to awe the voters into submission, and Johnson was not permitted to speak in those two divisions of the State. Tennessee was declared by them out of the Union; but Johnson had canvassed East Tennessee at great personal danger; and that part of the State gave twenty thousand majority for the Union. After the election, Johnson started for Washington. A warrant had been obtained for his arrest. He was watched and pursued, and was fired upon near Cumberland Gap. He, however, made his escape into Kentucky. After his return from Washington, he visited Camp Dick Robinson, and remained with the soldiers, the most of his time, for several months. He encouraged and rendered them all the assistance in his power, and was beloved by the East Tennesseans as a father. He was treated as such by them, and was as kind to them as a father to his children. He had a plan for a campaign, which was the same as General Nelson's. He urged his plan upon military commanders and the authorities at Washington. He said, Send an army into East Tennessee and take Knoxville, and the backbone of the rebellion will be broken. He de-

clared often that he had urged this plan upon the authorities, and that it was the best move that could be made. Knoxville was a great central point, through which communication was kept up between Virginia and the southwestern States. He said that Knoxville must be taken, and was vehement in urging his plans, but he was disappointed. Another campaign was agreed upon, and East Tennessee—the land he loved so well—was doomed to rebel rule for a while longer. The patriots of East Tennessee were for another season to be persecuted by traitors.

It has been said that Andrew Johnson was a demagogue—that he was a dishonest politician. Never was a charge more false. He is a patriot and statesman, sacrificing all sectional feelings, his own ease and popularity at home, for his country. He has devoted all to his country, and is exceedingly popular in Tennessee. He had been elected to Congress as often as he would consent to serve in that capacity; had been Governor of the State, and was elected United States Senator for six years. If he had abandoned the flag of his country, and turned traitor, he could have obtained any position in the Southern Confederacy he might have desired. But no; he was an honest man. He had the courage to resist all temptations and threats. He preferred separation from his family, exile, and all the personal sacrifices that could be made, rather than become a traitor. Of thirty southern Senators, not more than four stood firm.

He said, "No! I will never abandon the Union; I will never desert the flag of my country. If the Union dies, I will die with it. I want the star-spangled banner for a winding sheet." Lately, when all Tennessee, except Nashville, was abandoned by the Union forces, and the secessionists were howling around that place, a proposition was made to abandon the city. Johnson said, No; I will never surrender the city. If it is taken, my body will be found beneath the ruins of the capitol.

Andrew Johnson's name will stand among the first of those honored by the nation.

J. D. HALE.

I will say nothing further of those well known to the nation, but will give brief sketches of a few characters who are not so well known—not so influential, yet as patriotic. J. D. Hale is a native of New Hampshire, but has resided for several years past in the northeastern part of Overton county, Tennessee, near the Kentucky line. He is about forty years old—five feet nine inches high; has sandy hair and whiskers, rather stooped or round shoulders, and a gray eye. He has a long and rather narrow head, and is heavy built; is quite energetic and industrious, and has accumulated some property. He owned a farm and a good water-mill; kept an assortment of farmers' tools for sale; was a mechanic, and, like all other Yankees, was quite useful as a citizen. He had acquired

considerable influence—was firm and decided, sober, and of steady habits. He was among the first to denounce and expose secession. The Union never had a warmer and firmer advocate, and for it he was willing and ready to do anything in his power. In the spring of 1861, the Tennessee Legislature passed an ordinance of secession, and submitted it to a vote of the people; but, without awaiting the result of the vote, formed a league with Jeff. Davis' Government, and authorized the Governor to raise fifty-five thousand troops. He immediately commenced operations; raised a considerable force, armed them, and placed them in different parts of the State, so as to control the election. Troops were sent into Tennessee from other southern States. Such men as John Bell and Andrew Ewing submitted, and advocated secession; such as Andrew Johnson and Horace Maynard stood firm. They made speeches wherever they could, and canvassed East Tennessee, but were not permitted to visit Middle and West Tennessee; Union men were not permitted to talk in those divisions of the State. In East Tennessee their friends protected them, and they talked in spite of all opposition. It was, however, with great personal danger; they were threatened wherever they went. Hale protected the friends of the Union, regardless of personal danger. Hon. Horace Maynard had an appointment to speak at Livingston, Overton county, Tenn. A large audience was in attendance. Maynard attempted to speak, but was

prevented by the secession leaders. Just as he commenced, a committee of leading secessionists appeared in the court house, and informed him that a meeting had been in session, and had resolved that he should not speak. He told them that Judge Gill and other prominent men were present, and could reply, and if he was wrong, they could certainly expose his false positions; and that no criminal had ever been denied a hearing in the State of Tennessee. They said that "*the day for discussion had passed.*" (This was before the people had voted upon the ordinance of secession.) He suggested that if he was wrong, no harm would result to an intelligent people. They replied, that his *eloquence was too persuasive*—that he might as well desist, as they had determined he should not speak. He saw that it would be useless to make the effort, and desisted; but announced that he would speak at Monroe, the next day—a small town, about six miles from Livingston. The secessionists declared that he should not speak; that they would be present with the militia; and, if he attempted to speak, they would disperse the meeting. Hale was present and heard their threats, and immediately went to work and collected between three and four hundred Union citizens, who were armed with squirrel rifles and shot guns. They raised the stars and stripes, the banner of liberty, and marched in a body to Monroe, determined to defend, as long as life lasted, that banner, free speech, and the Union. Such was the resolve of true, determined

patriots. Maynard spoke to a large audience without interruption. With burning eloquence he exposed the frauds and designs of the secessionists, and held up to his spell-bound audience the sacredness of the Union cause. Burning tears rolled down the cheeks of old, gray-headed fathers. Young men took a vow never to forsake the cause of the Union; and well have they kept that vow. At the conclusion of the speech, the audience gave three tremendous cheers for the Union, and then dispersed. Hale accompanied Maynard to Travisville, Fentress county, the next day, where he made another eloquent speech to a large audience.

Such were the trials and difficulties of the Union men in Tennessee. None but the brave stood firm. Hale was determined that the cause of the Union should be defended in his part of the State, at all hazards. If Union men everywhere had followed this noble example, the evil consequences of secession and rebellion would not have been experienced. It required resolution and determination to meet such a crisis.

Hale, by his unceasing exertions for the Union, became known throughout the State of Tennessee. He was threatened in the secession prints, and by secession orators; was hated by them, and denounced as a "Yankee." He was told that he had no right to say anything; yet he did talk. It was mainly by his exertions that the people of the northeastern portion of Overton and the whole

of Fentress county voted almost unanimously for the Union. The secessionists said that if it had not been for Hale, these people would have remained loyal to the South, and that they intended to hang him. He was hunted and watched by them. He was compelled to leave his home, and conceal himself among the rocks of Wolf river hills, and was finally forced to leave the State. At the hour of midnight he loaded his wagons with a portion of his personal effects, and, with his family, made his escape to Albany, Ky., as he could not with safety travel the public highway in daylight. He did not cease his labors, but assisted Union men to escape from Tennessee, and forwarded them to Camp Dick Robinson. His son, aged about sixteen, was captured and held as a prisoner. After a few months his family were followed to Albany. His negro man and horses were driven off, and other property taken. They were again compelled to flee; and crossing the Cumberland river, stopped in Adair county, Ky.

He continued to correspond with the East Tennesseans, assisting many of them in escaping from their persecutors, and rendered good service toward organizing the Tennessee troops. His labors were unceasing. Having an iron will and constitution, he suffered and endured. He rendered very important services, such as few would dare undertake, and which have been acknowledged by General George H. Thomas, and other military men in the West.

In the last conversation I had with Hale, he remarked that he had suffered much, and could endure more; that he would never desert the Union. Although he was the owner of slaves, he thought more of his country than of them, and did not consider any man patriotic that thought otherwise, however loud his professions for the Union. He further remarked, "The Union citizens of Overton and Fentress counties have stood by me when the rebels were hunting for my life, and by *faith* I will stand by them. I will never desert them."

#### ZACKARYS.

The Zackary family, from Hale's neighborhood, is very numerous. Being loyal, they were driven from their homes, and fled to Kentucky for safety. A portion of them likewise took their families to that State. The men all joined the Union army, and have done good service. Porter Zackary was killed in the battle at Mill Springs, January 19th, 1862. He died bravely fighting for his country, and the cause of human liberty. Some of the other Zackarys will be mentioned again.

#### HUDDLESTONS.

The Huddleston family of Fentress and Overton counties, Tennessee, is quite numerous. Like many other families, they are divided, some for the Union

and others for the rebellion. Soon after the secession of the State, Stokely Huddleston received a commission from Governor Isham G. Harris, as Colonel of the militia. He immediately organized the militia, with the design of persecuting the Union citizens of Overton county. He was a terror to them, as they knew his violent temper and bad habits. Elam E. Huddleston, a cousin of the Colonel, was a firm and decided Union man, and had considerable influence. He was therefore threatened and persecuted, for no Union man of any influence was permitted to remain in the State. He and his family made their escape to Kentucky. Upon his return for his personal property, he found that the Colonel had seized it and locked it up. Elam is a man of spirit and courage; he would not submit to anything without an effort. With the assistance of James Ferguson (who will be mentioned again), and some of the Huddlestons and Zackarys, he proceeded to his farm and broke the locks, loaded a wagon with a portion of his house and kitchen furniture, and started for Kentucky. They soon discovered that they were closely pursued by Colonel Huddleston and a company of his forces. Elam told the driver to proceed to the Kentucky line without any delay, while he and his comrades selected a position for defence. Colonel Huddleston was soon in sight. He dashed ahead of his company, waving his sword, and demanded that Elam and his comrades should surrender. They told him they would never surrender, and

warned him not to approach nearer. He did not heed them, but rushed forward, and at the keen crack of a rifle fell from his horse: Marion Zackary had fired the fatal shot. Colonel Huddleston's followers fled, and Elam and his comrades proceeded to Kentucky without further molestation. This occurrence created great excitement. It was the first blood that had been shed in that section since the war commenced. A prominent secessionist had been killed, and Union blood must atone for it. A general persecution commenced; vengeance was threatened against all Union men, and they fled to Kentucky for safety.

Elam Huddleston enlisted in the 1st regiment of Kentucky cavalry, commanded by Colonel Frank Wolford. He made a good soldier, and rendered important service, having been in many battles and skirmishes, and always displayed coolness and courage not excelled by any one. If a service of a desperate character was to be performed, Elam Huddleston was selected. It will be sufficient for the present to make a statement of the part he took in the battle of Mill Springs, January 19, 1862, between the Union forces commanded by General George H. Thomas, and the rebel forces commanded by Generals George B. Crittenden and Felix K. Zollicoffer. The Union pickets were attacked at daylight, and twenty mounted men were immediately sent to their support. Elam Huddleston was one of the twenty. When they arrived upon the ground, the rebel cavalry had retired, and the

Union pickets were confronted by an entire regiment of infantry. The pickets took a strong position, and received the attack of the rebel regiment. The latter however were held in check until other forces formed and marched to the scene of action, a distance of half a mile. It was however with considerable loss in killed and wounded. The pickets stood firm until their foes were nearly upon them, when all retired except Elam Huddleston, who remained until he was nearly surrounded, when, throwing himself flat upon his horse, he galloped to the rear without any injury. Before his return, his brother Ambrose (who was with the picket) said to an officer that Elam had acted very foolish; that he had remained until he was surrounded, and was then killed. Elam, upon his return, reported that the enemy were approaching in full force—that he had fired six times after all others retired, and that he saw four men fall, one he believed to be a commissioned officer. After the battle the ground was examined, and one captain and three privates were found to have been slain. Huddleston took his horse to the rear, and returned and did good service on foot. After the battle, he pointed out a spot upon which he said he had shot several of the enemy. The ground was examined, and the bodies of one commissioned officer and ten privates were found.

Elam Huddleston is about thirty-five years old—five feet ten inches high. He has light hair, blue eyes, and fair skin; is a man of good sense, and has

ever been true to his country, and as brave as any man that ever breathed.

I cannot close this brief notice of the Huddlestons without mentioning Thomas, a brother of Elam. He was a small fellow, and was quite witty—furnishing much amusement for his companions in arms. He made a good soldier, and was entirely brave. He had a Sharpe's rifle which he kept in good order, and no one could get it from him. About the 1st of October, 1861, Captain Morrison of the 1st Kentucky cavalry attacked a rebel camp at Travisville, Tenn., and dispersed them. They returned to camp considerably elated with their success. Colonel Hoskins, the commanding officer, said to Thomas Huddleston, "Well, Tom, what did you do?" He replied: "Colonel, I fired several rounds, captured one soldier and two horses, and looked for more, but they were all gone." Tom was an obedient soldier, and stood fair with his officers.

#### TINKER DAVE BEATY.

I will mention another Tennessean, who has attracted attention since the commencement of the rebellion. Tinker Dave Beaty, as he is commonly called, is a citizen of Fentress county, and has made his mark. He may be called a rough, uneducated mountain man, or in other words a backwoodsman, who has never forsaken the flag of his country. His operations have chiefly been in Fentress and Overton counties. Rebel troops have

been in these counties ever since Tennessee seceded, with the exception of very short periods; but Beaty is so well acquainted with the country, being familiar with every road and path, it was almost impossible to catch him. If he is seriously menaced he retires to the mountains. He sometimes has sixty men with him, and again not more than fifteen or twenty. His men are all mounted. He has no camp, no wagons, tents, or camp equipage, but stays where he can best conceal his men. At all times, Beaty has out scouts and pickets; he never permits himself to be surprised. Whenever an opportunity is presented, he pounces upon a party of soldiers or guerillas, cutting them to pieces, capturing arms, ammunition, etc. By these attacks Beaty keeps his men supplied with equipments, and partly with provisions.

The rebels by some means obtained a large quantity of medicine at Louisville, Ky., and smuggled it through the Union lines, *via* Burksville, Ky. They had reached Fentress county with the medicine, and thought it entirely safe. But the keen eye of Beaty detected them. He seized upon their wagons and captured several thousand dollars' worth of medicine. This was a very severe loss to the South, as medicine with them was very scarce.

Upon another occasion, the rebels were driving south a large number of cattle they had taken from the citizens of Wayne and Clinton counties, Ky. Beaty heard of their movements, and conceal-

ing his men by the road side, at the proper moment attacked them with such fierceness that they fled in confusion, leaving their cattle and six of their companions, who had been shot. Although the rebel troops have been on every side of Beaty, and a large army one hundred and fifty miles in his rear (General Bragg's forces when in Kentucky), yet he remains in his favorite locality. He still continues to make successful raids upon the rebels, and has become a perfect terror to them. Beaty and his men have never been mustered into the regular service. They receive no pay, no clothes, no camp equipage, rations, nor military stores of any kind. They are no expense to the government, yet render as valuable service as the same number of men anywhere. Neither does he impose upon Union citizens. He sustains his brave little band upon the enemy.

I might mention other names, but enough has already been said to indicate the loyalty, devotion, and sufferings of these people. Probably eight thousand of loyal Tennesseans are in the Union army. They left their homes and went forth to battle for their country. Their wives and children and kindred are at home, persecuted, and suffering great privations. It is the duty of the Government to send aid to these loyal people. While the men are in the army, fighting under their country's banner, rebels are burning their houses and turning their wives and little children out of doors. One little boy said to his mother, while their house was

burning, "Mother, where will we stay to-night?" The mother replied, "I will build a pen, and we will stay in that." A rebel said, "Not a bit of it; if you are found here after this we will burn *you*."

The Kentuckians upon the Tennessee line have suffered greatly. They have exhibited as much loyalty as any people that ever lived. When a call was made, they rushed to arms and filled Kentucky's quota. Let us take Clinton county, for an example. This county had about nine hundred voters, yet she has furnished six hundred soldiers for the Union army. They bade farewell to dear ones at home, and gave their lives to their country.

This county has been in possession of the rebels for more than a year, with two or three exceptions, when the Union forces occupied Albany, the county town of Clinton. The citizens have been insulted, arrested, and imprisoned, and a number of them murdered in the most fiendish manner. All the property in the county of any value that could be moved, has been carried off, and the citizens left in a destitute condition. Slaves have been taken from their owners and conveyed south, and free negroes sold into slavery; men of character and distinction have suffered the grossest outrage; soldiers' families have been compelled to flee from home for safety; citizens were forced to leave their homes and property, and seek refuge among strangers. This is no fancy sketch. My home is in this coun-

ty, and having visited it since these troubles commenced (being a refugee myself), I aver that these are truths.

I will mention the names of a few individuals, and state their losses and sufferings. Joshua L. Chilton, an industrious and peaceable citizen, was not permitted to remain at home. He was threatened and hunted, but nothing could deter him from his duty to his country. He was too old to join the army, but had two boys who could go, and he sent them both—the younger only seventeen years old. The eldest, James L., joined the first company raised in the county, and was appointed a sergeant. He greatly distinguished himself for bravery at the battle of Mill Springs, and has been one of the best soldiers in the regiment, 1st Kentucky cavalry. The father was quite active, and rendered the Union cause good service. For this he was hated and driven from his home, and became a refugee. While General Bragg was in Kentucky, a portion of his soldiers killed Chilton, Ambrose Huddleston, a Tennessean, and others, at Liberty, Ky. J. P. Pickens, a merchant of Albany, lost a stock of goods and other property. He was threatened, and forced to flee across the Cumberland river for safety. His family were also driven from home, and became refugees. Dr. Elza Beckett, a physician, who had an extensive practice, and whose professional services were greatly needed, was banished from his home; and his family, who endured the insults and abuse of rebels for some

time, were also compelled to leave their home and seek protection among strangers. D. P. Wright, a farmer, was chased and fired upon, and kept from his home: he lost a large amount of property. Elijah Koger, an old, peaceable, and quiet citizen, who never did any one an injury, lost about fifty horses and mules, besides other property. James E. Gibbons, a farmer and a good citizen, lost twenty horses and mules, and other property: he was compelled to hide in the hills to save his life. Lewis Wright, an old citizen, who was almost helpless, had no slaves except one negro man, that he had bought to attend him in his old age. This man was stolen from him and taken south, and the old gentleman left in a helpless condition. Van Buren Hopkins, a good citizen, was arrested and sent to Nashville. He was fed upon tainted beef until nearly dead, and was only released upon the urgent applications of his brother, who was a rebel. John S. Stockton, the three Dickens, Crezelius, and other citizens, were seized and sent with Hopkins to Nashville. They did not have the same luck as Hopkins. They had no rebel relations to intercede for them, and were sent to Salisbury, N. C., where they are yet, having been closely confined for more than ten months. Soldiers who have been released from the same prison report them in a half-naked and starved condition. Reuben Wood, Frogge, the two Johnsons, Elisha Koger, Isaac Story, young Zackary, and other citizens, have been murdered in the most brutal manner. These are only a few individual

cases. All the citizens have suffered ; no discrimination was made between Union citizens. Can the loyalty of a people be more severely tested ? Are they not truly patriotic ? Should they not receive the sympathies of all loyal men and the protection of the Government ?

## CHAPTER II.

NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS—THE FERGUSONS—ATROCIOUS  
MURDERS, ETC. —

AMONG the great evils of the rebellion and the civil war produced by it, is the guerilla or partisan warfare. Guerilla chiefs are generally vicious men, who prefer plundering, and inflicting pain and injury upon citizens, to war according to civilized usages. They submit to no restraint, but claim freedom to commit high-handed crimes without fear of punishment. Men who did not expect to become outlaws and murderers when they joined these bands, have sunk to that level. They were corrupted by their associates. Ascertaining that they were not governed by any rules of civilized warfare, and would not be punished if they did rob and murder citizens, they gave way to temptation, and became unscrupulous outlaws.

The citizens along the Kentucky and Tennessee line have suffered greatly at the hands of guerillas, more perhaps than any people in this country. I propose to give a brief sketch of several guerilla chiefs and partisan warriors, including an account of some of the most notorious murders committed by them.

## CHAMP FERGUSON.

Of all the guerilla chiefs and cold-blooded murderers, Champ Ferguson ranks as the most desperate and fiendish. He is a thief, robber, counterfeiter, and murderer. His record does not stop with two or three offences, but is one continual scene of blood and plunder. He was born and raised in Clinton co., Ky.; is between thirty-five and forty years old, about six feet high, and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, without any surplus flesh. He has a large foot, and gives his legs a loose sling in walking, with his toes turned out—is a little stooped, with his head down. He has long arms and large hands, broad round shoulders, skin rather dark, black hair a little curled, a broad face, large mouth, and a tremendous voice, which can be heard at a long distance when in a rage. He had a little stillhouse where he manufactured corn whiskey and apple brandy, and always kept a quantity on his premises, thereby collecting vicious characters about him. He usually kept race-horses, and attended a race-course in the county called "Seven Chestnuts." Large numbers would collect at this course to witness the races, bet upon their favorite horses, play cards, and drink intoxicating liquors, with which the course was always supplied. Often severe fights would take place at these races, but seldom was any serious damage done; the parties participating were generally satisfied with

black eyes and bloody noses. Sometimes, however, these fights would be earnest, the parties using knives and other deadly weapons. Champ Ferguson participated in the races, and frequently in the fights. He was very fond of the card-table. A king or ruler among his class, they must do as he said. He was a bully, a ruffian, and dare-devil kind of fellow, a terror to peaceable citizens, and shunned by them. It was generally believed that he was a counterfeiter, but as he employed other persons to pass his spurious money, he was never detected; or if he was, a peaceable, quiet man would not risk personal danger to testify against him before a grand jury.

Some years ago two brothers, named Evans, bought a drove of fat hogs from citizens in Clinton county. Among others they made a purchase from Champ Ferguson. They forged, as was said afterward, the names of solvent persons, thereby obtaining credit for a short time. They drove the hogs south, sold them, and returned "broke," as they said. It was generally believed that they sold the hogs for a profit, and returned with a large amount of money. The solvent parties refused to pay these debts, and proved that they had not authorized the use of their names.

The Evans settled in Fentress county, Tenn. They got in several of the claims against them for a trifle. In a few years they had accumulated considerable property, including a good farm; but they had the title-papers so arranged that their

property could not be subjected to the payment of their debts without a long and tedious law suit. The creditors preferred losing their debts to prosecuting a suit in another State. But such a man as Ferguson was not going to be outdone. He would not sell his claim for a trifle, nor would he institute a suit while there was any other course. He ascertained that by the laws of Kentucky an attachment could be obtained against the property of non-residents of the State. He had his point: the Evans were non-residents, but they had no property in the State. That, however, made no difference with Ferguson. He visited Evans' stable after dark, and soon had a fine horse in Kentucky. He then proceeded to the clerk's office, instituted suit, and obtained an attachment against any property of the Evans' that might be found in Clinton county. He soon found the sheriff, and placed the attachment in his hands. The officer proceeded with Ferguson, and the horse was pointed out as the property of the two men. The sheriff of course seized the horse, which was sold as part payment of the debt. Ferguson often visited Tennessee, and in this way secured his debt, as also others which he had purchased. The Evans boys, being afraid of personal violence, or an order of arrest for them, would let these cases go by default, or would send money to redeem their property.—In these matters Ferguson exhibited great cunning, and a cool, calculating disposition, which enabled him to resort to any means to carry his point.

Things went on in this way for some time. The Evans got tired of Ferguson's nocturnal visits to their stable, without calling upon them in person. They consulted a lawyer, who advised them, the first time they found Ferguson in the State, to obtain a warrant for his arrest, charging him with larceny; and if they caught him they could put him through. Some time after this Champ Ferguson made his appearance at a camp meeting in Fentress county. The Evans were also there. They went to a justice of the peace, and obtained a warrant for Champ Ferguson's arrest, accusing him of the crime of larceny, committed by "taking and carrying away a horse, the property of —, with the felonious intent of converting it to his own use." The warrant was placed in the hands of sheriff Reed, who summoned a "*posse*" to assist him in taking Ferguson. The latter, through a friend, heard of these movements. He did not intend to be taken without a struggle. Mounting his horse, he started toward the Kentucky line, pursued by Reed, Evans, and others. They gained upon him, Reed in advance. Ferguson got them "*strung out*," when he dismounted and prepared for battle. Reed also dismounted, and meeting him, told him to surrender. Ferguson seized Reed and stabbed him with a large knife, Reed begging him for God's sake not to kill him. Ferguson heeded him not, but pierced his body in twenty odd places. By this time one of the Evans arrived. Ferguson seized him and stabbed him several times. Other persons coming

up, the murderer had to flee. He took refuge in a house near by. Running up stairs, he took a position at the only entrance, and swore that he would kill the first man that made his appearance. As only one could go up at a time, and Ferguson could 'conceal himself' by the door till the person was in his reach, it was thought advisable not to attack him. An agreement was therefore made, that if he would deliver himself into the hands of an officer, and submit to a trial, no violence should be inflicted. He was then examined before a magistrate, and held for the murder of Reed. (Evans was not killed; he recovered, although every one expected his death.) Ferguson was sent to jail. He was indicted at the next term of the criminal court, but, being permitted to give bail, was released from custody. At each succeeding term of the court, upon some pretext or other, he would obtain a continuance of the prosecution against him. Things went on in this way till Tennessee seceded, which was some two or three years after he was indicted. It was then agreed that if Ferguson would join the rebel cause, the prosecution against him for the murder of Reed should be dismissed. The villain complied, and the case was dropped.

In all these affairs Ferguson displayed his real character—a bloody and unprincipled man. The history of this transaction is entirely true; and I have been thus particular, that I might give the reader some idea of real life—of society and the working of law—in that section of the country.

For some time Ferguson said but little publicly, as Clinton was a strong Union county, and he then had but little support or encouragement. In the mean time he was working secretly and doing much mischief. Upon two or three occasions he got very bold, owing perhaps to the influence of intoxication. He frequently visited a rebel camp in Fentress county, and conveyed them all the information he could obtain. In the early part of August, 1861, two companies of Union soldiers left Clinton county, when Ferguson became much bolder. About the last of August four Union citizens planned his capture, and succeeded. They started with him to Camp Dick Robinson, about one hundred miles from Albany. Ferguson did not complain; he was very submissive, and apparently little concerned about his fate. His point was gained. His privileges were increased, and the first opportunity he made his escape. Once more free, he has no concealments to make. The tiger is aroused. He seeks blood, and must have it. Revenge is inscribed upon his banner; death and ruin to Union men is his motto. He gloats over his victims; the last drop of human kindness and sympathy is gone, and he is no longer a man. He is a demon—a fiend. He declares that he will never again be taken prisoner. It shall be death. He asks no quarters, grants none. These are his declarations.

It is not long before he obtains blood. Frogge, one of his captors, was taken sick and confined to his bed. While in this condition, with his little

babe on the bed by his side, and his wife sitting by, Ferguson and one of his companions entered the room. He told Frogge that he had come to kill him. Frogge begged that his life might be spared. His wife, upon bended knees, and with tears in her eyes, entreated Ferguson to spare her husband. No entreaties could touch his heart; he heeded neither the tears of the wife, nor the innocent looks of the child. He raised his pistol, and inflicted a severe wound. Frogge looked up to Ferguson imploringly, and once more begged him to spare his life. The murderer again fired, when Frogge, clasping his babe to his breast, murmured, "O God!" and died. The wife fled, not thinking her own life safe in the presence of such a monster, and believing both her husband and child to have been killed. *Ferguson then took the blanket from the bed and carried it off!* After this Ferguson became the leader of the reckless and notorious characters of that section of the country.

In the latter part of September, 1861, Kentucky was invaded at several points by rebel troops. A body of them entered Clinton county. Ferguson and his followers went through the county, stealing horses, mules, cattle, and all kinds of property. Later in the season they seized all the fat hogs, drove them south, and sold them for large sums of money.

The next crime of which Champ Ferguson was guilty, was the murder of Reuben B. Wood, a respectable citizen of Clinton county. In August,

1861, Mr. Wood went with a company of Union soldiers to Camp Dick Robinson, and remained with them about a month, when he returned to his home. Some time after his return, Ferguson and Raine H. Philpott rode in front of his house, and called him. He walked out and spoke in a friendly manner. Ferguson said : "God damn you, Reuben Wood, I intend to kill you!" Wood replied, "No, Champ, you would not kill me. We have lived near each other as neighbors all your life, and I have never done you any harm." "Yes, by God, I will. You carried the d—d Lincoln flag at Camp Dick Robinson." "Why, Champ, I nearly raised you. I nursed you on my knee." "You are a d—d Lincolnite," was the response ; and with these words he fired upon Wood, inflicting a severe wound in his thigh. Wood turned and fled into the house, Ferguson dismounting and following him. Wood seized a hatchet and struck Ferguson a powerful blow upon the head. He was in the act of striking another, which would have proved fatal, when Philpott entered the room with his pistol in his hand, and told Wood that if he struck he would shoot him. Wood knew it would be useless to contend with both of them, and not thinking his wound mortal, dropped the hatchet. Ferguson and Philpott mounted their horses and rode away, perhaps to murder another innocent man. Wood lingered a short time, and died. His exertions in the scuffle with Ferguson, added to the wound, was more than his age could bear. A large



Champ Ferguson Shooting Reuben B. Wood.—Page 44.



and respected family was left to mourn his loss. He was a peaceable and quiet citizen, and stood very high in society. His age was from fifty-five to sixty.

Ferguson threatened nearly every Union citizen in the county. A large number of them fled to escape his persecutions. There was scarcely a day that he did not fire upon some innocent person. If he had been alone, or with but few followers, his career would have soon ended; but he generally went with a considerable force. Rebel troops occupied that section in large force, and the citizens thought it best not to use violence.

About this time Ferguson and a squad of his men went to the residence of George W. Hopkins, near Albany, in order to get possession of his little negro girl. She was a likely girl, and Ferguson was very anxious to get her into his possession. He could sell her for a large sum of money, and it would be a good speculation, without much risk. Mr. Hopkins was not at home, being in the southern army. Mrs. Hopkins heard that they were coming, and had conveyed the girl to parts unknown to them. (The underground railroad had been brought into use.) When Ferguson arrived, the girl could not be found. He said she was in the bed, and set fire to it. Mrs. Hopkins put it out. Ferguson set fire to it again, and told her that if she put it out he would kill her. She again extinguished it. He then for the third time fired the bed, and told Mrs. Hopkins that he would

certainly kill her if she extinguished it again. For all that, she put it out the third time. She then told Ferguson that she heard he was coming, and had sent the girl away, and she would die rather than tell where she was. It was useless to threaten her. Ferguson and his crew saw that she was in earnest, and left without doing any further mischief.

On one occasion Ferguson caught a white man near Albany, by the name of Spangler. He made him strip, and then lashed him with a horsewhip till the poor man was almost dead. While he was whipping him, Capt. John A. Morrison, a gallant officer, and a man that Ferguson knew would fight, appeared in sight at the head of his company, of the 1st Regiment Kentucky cavalry. Ferguson and his gang this time considered discretion the better part of valor, as they were outnumbered, and they fled in the direction of Tennessee. A young man of the party, named Allen, attempted to rein his horse from a tree in his front; but the horse plunged in a different direction, and dashed his rider against the tree, killing him instantly.

Ferguson's next operations were in Tennessee. I do not know any of the particulars of his career in that State, but have learned that he was as desperate and wicked as when in Kentucky—robbing and murdering Union citizens wherever he went. About this time Governor Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, issued a proclamation, reciting that Ferguson had committed many murders and other

crimes in Tennessee, and offering a reward of five hundred dollars for his capture and delivery to the authorities for trial and punishment.

Ferguson did not remain entirely in Tennessee. He made his headquarters in that State,—a dépôt for stolen property. Very frequently he would return to Clinton and other counties upon the border, and collect a large amount of property, returning with it to Tennessee. He continued these raids during the winter and spring of 1862, one of which, occurring about the 10th of April, I will allude to. He had with him his squad of desperate characters, and was accompanied by two other companies of independent partisans. He was exceedingly bloodthirsty on this occasion, and desired to kill every Union citizen he met. He and his band proceeded to a farm, where the neighbors had collected to roll the logs on a piece of ground intended to be planted in corn. He attacked this peaceable and defenceless party, and shot several of them on the spot; took others prisoners, who surrendered, and asked for protection. But Ferguson never takes prisoners. He ordered his satellites to hold them by the arms, and while the prisoners were in this condition, he deliberately ripped them open with a huge knife, their bowels dropping upon the ground. Could such a fiendish act be committed? It seems almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true.

He then proceeded to another part of the county, to add other victims to his list. He met a boy by the name of Zachary, and told him to halt. The

boy stopped. Ferguson asked him his name, which was given. That was enough. Young Zachary had a father and several brothers in the Union army, and Ferguson must take vengeance upon this defenceless boy. He deliberately took the gun from his shoulder and shot the boy dead. Little did the monster care. He delighted in the work. He added perhaps a dozen names to his list of victims on this expedition. Young Zachary's father, with a broken heart, started in pursuit of his child's murderers. He was not able to find Ferguson, but not long afterward he met one of the men who participated in the act. Waiting for no parley, he instantly shot him through the heart.

Such is border life. Those who have not seen or felt it, have no conception of the devastation and ruin brought upon the country—the naked and starved condition of the inhabitants—the large number of them that have been maltreated, and imprisoned, and murdered. Desolation and mourning have been brought to the door of every family. The writer, among many others, is an exile from home, without a pillow upon which to rest his weary head, with a wife and two children clinging to him for protection and support.

This was one of Ferguson's bloodiest raids. After murdering many of the citizens, he collected a large amount of property and returned to Tennessee. Some time after this he made another raid into the same county. He did not, however, succeed as well in murdering citizens. Hearing of his ap-

proach, they fled to the hills for safety. Yet one or two fell victims to his cruelty. Early in the morning Ferguson stealthily crept near the house of Elisha Koger, and, concealing himself, awaited for his victim to make his appearance. At dawn Koger rose from his bed and stepped to the door unsuspectingly. Ferguson instantly shot him. Koger cried, "Oh God! I am shot," and fell back in the house a corpse. He left a wife and several children almost in a helpless condition, as he had but little property. Soon after this, Isaac Story, a peaceable citizen, was shot upon the public highway by Ferguson's band. Other crimes have been committed in Kentucky, the details of which have not come to my notice; nor is it my intention to speak of every case, but give a general outline of his murderous career.

I will now relate an incident of Ferguson which, instead of being, like some others, painful and heart-rending, is rather amusing. —, of Burksville, a Southern sympathizer, had, in order to keep up good feeling with some Union soldiers, offered a reward of one hundred dollars for Champ Ferguson's head. The latter heard of it, and afterward visited Burksville in company with the notorious Colonel John Morgan. He soon found —, who was very glad to meet him. He told him that he understood he had offered a reward of one hundred dollars for his head, and that he had brought it himself, and wanted the money. — said it was a mistake; he had never had such talk about him. Ferguson said that

he was certain that he had the talk, and that he intended to have the money. — brought out his confederate notes. Ferguson declined to receive them—he wanted good money. — then offered Tennessee money. This was also refused. He then tendered Kentucky paper and Treasury notes. Ferguson refused all; he said that he wanted good money, and that he intended to have gold; and finally forced — to pay him one hundred dollars in gold!

But Ferguson did not escape all this time without trouble and danger. He was very often fired upon by citizens; had several horses shot from under him; and received several slight wounds. In the latter part of January, 1862, Lieutenant Perkins and a squad of the 1st Regiment Kentucky cavalry crossed Cumberland river, and attempted to surprise Ferguson and his band, who was then in Clinton county. Lieutenant Perkins waited until night, and then made a rapid march till he came near Ferguson's position. They dismounted and walked a short distance, when they came upon Ferguson and his party. Lieutenant Perkins attacked them with great fierceness. Some of the party escaped unhurt, but several were killed. Ferguson escaped with a slight wound in the hand. He ran by Lieutenant Perkins, yelling like a demon, "God damn you, shoot!" and was fired upon several times at short range. He had several holes made in his clothes, but was saved by a coat of mail which he always wore. This has been doubted

by many, but I have conversed with a gentleman who said he had seen it, and that it covered his entire body. Ferguson had a very narrow escape on another occasion. As a portion of the 1st Regiment Kentucky cavalry was marching from Albany to Nashville, a squad of them came upon Ferguson near Cookesville. He was dressed in United States uniform, and was about to pass unnoticed, when he was recognized by two of them. He thereupon fled in the direction of Cookesville, closely pursued. Another squad of the cavalry was in the place, but Ferguson's cunning and strategy again saved him. He rushed into the town and called to them, saying, "For God's sake, don't let them rebels kill me." The ruse was successful. They believed that he was a Union soldier, and let him pass. His pursuers were soon up, and dashed on after him. Being mounted on a good horse, he was soon beyond the reach of all except two, Sergeant Floyd and Dr. J. C. Riffe, assistant surgeon of the regiment, who rode a fine horse, and concluded to take a tilt at Ferguson, as he had heard much about him. They came close behind him, and fired. He took the bridle between his teeth and continued the flight, at the same time firing over his shoulder with a pistol in each hand. He never looked back, but kept his head down. Floyd's horse was shot, and he was compelled to stop. Dr. Riffe continued the pursuit. He received a slight wound in his shoulder, but still pressed forward until he reached Ferguson's side. He then fired deliberately, putting his pistol

against Ferguson's body. The latter abandoned his horse, and made his escape in the heavy timber by the road-side. He was once more saved by his coat of mail, without doubt. He kept his head down to secure it from the balls, as it was not protected. Isaac L. Smith, one of his band, and a very bad fellow, was with him on this occasion and was caught. As soon as the balls began to whistle about his head he stopped and surrendered. He was taken to Nashville, and from there sent North.

In June, 1862, Ferguson joined the notorious John Morgan, and was with him in his expedition through Kentucky in July. He was with Morgan when he captured a train of cars on the Louisville and Nashville railroad. Major W. A. Coffey was on board, and was taken a prisoner; but before being taken, he fired three times with a Colt's pistol. One ball cut a lock of Ferguson's hair entirely off, which he presented to the Major.

In August, Ferguson was again in Clinton county, committing depredations. He visited the house of Mr. T. W. Tabor for plunder. He found the watch of Tabor's son, who had lately died. The mother objected, saying she wanted to keep the watch of her deceased son; and for this she was knocked down and otherwise maltreated.

I was informed recently that Captain Morrison and a company of Home Guards had killed Ferguson and sixteen of his band. If true, the country is rid of one of the worst characters that ever lived.

## JAMES FERGUSON.

CHAMP FERGUSON had a younger brother, commonly called "Jim," who lived in the same neighborhood. He also attended the race-course, and had his fights and personal difficulties. He also married into the same family. His wife was a lady-like woman. He was not as successful as Champ in making money, having very little property, while Champ was considered solvent, and able to pay all his liabilities. There was another difference between them. Champ, more cunning and sly, would endeavor to conceal some of his bad habits. Jim was more bold and open, and had a worse name than Champ, while in fact the latter was the worst character. Champ was a cold-blooded devil, and had no human sympathy. His stony heart could not be touched by the distress of a human being. If he did anything for the relief of those in distress, it was from a calculating design to benefit himself; for the purpose of gaining a point which he could turn to his own advantage. Jim was benevolent, and treated his friends with great kindness. He had sympathy for those in distress, and would make any sacrifices to relieve them. This was rather an impulse with him, for it did not extend beyond what he actually saw. It was not a deep-rooted principle that influenced his entire actions. The lower passions were dominant, and, when distress was not actually before him, would control his nature.

Champ and Jim generally opposed each other. They were of opposite political faith, Champ being a democrat and Jim a whig. Neither did they always agree about personal matters: they would sometimes fight. Jim was a better man physically, and always conquered Champ. Upon the Union question they also differed. Jim strenuously opposed secession, and advocated the maintenance of the Union. He had some influence, and did some good, keeping several from being carried away by the excitement into secession. He was about six feet two inches high, and very large—a giant in strength. He was once accused of passing counterfeit money, and indicted, but never had a trial. He was a great litigant in the courts, always suing somebody, if he was not sued or prosecuted himself. When sober he was quite peaceable; but occasionally he would get drunk, and then all his bad passions were stirred up. It was upon these occasions that he got into difficulties which brought him before the courts. He enlisted in one of the first companies raised in Kentucky, and became a very obedient soldier in every respect. Having always been free and unrestrained, roaming where he pleased, confinement and discipline went hard with him. He became restless—could not see much advantage in drilling—wanted active service. Although he grew restless and weary, his officers never had any trouble with him. He could not understand that the colonel of another regiment had any control over him, and on one occasion flatly refused to obey

his orders, and was arrested and confined for some time, but finally released without a court-martial. He had obtained considerable reputation among the Union citizens, and was very popular with many of them, owing to his fighting qualities. Once, while his regiment was stationed at Camp Dick Robinson, he obtained leave to make a visit to the country. During his absence he met a young man named Beasly, and asked him if he was for the Union or against it. Beasly avowed his disunion sentiments. Ferguson informed him that he must go to camp with him. Beasly said he would not go, and attempted to draw a weapon. Ferguson was too quick for him, and instantly shot him with a Sharpe's rifle. He returned to camp, and surrendered to the military authorities, stating that he had killed Beasly, and gave the circumstances attending the unfortunate affair. Beasly stood fair as a citizen. The secessionists in that section raised a cry against Ferguson, demanding his life, and some Union men joined in the cry. The military authorities kept him confined for two or three weeks. They had informed the civil authorities that he was confined, and would be delivered into their hands whenever they were ready to investigate the affair. As, however, they would not agree to give Ferguson an immediate hearing, but wanted to confine him in jail, and as there was very good reason to believe that if he was placed in jail a mob of secessionists would take him out and hang him, he was not surrendered to them, but released from his con-

finement. The civil authorities were at the same time informed that they could have Ferguson whenever they made the proper demand, accompanied by legal authority. The matter here dropped, and the case was never investigated. Beasley was the only citizen killed by Ferguson, so far as my knowledge extends.

Ferguson became restless, and begged to be sent out as a scout, which was finally agreed to by his Colonel, on his promise not to interfere with citizens or private property. About the 1st of December, 1861, the 1st regiment of Kentucky cavalry (the regiment to which Ferguson belonged) was stationed at Columbia, Ky. At that time all the country south of Cumberland river was in possession of the rebels. Ferguson and five other soldiers were permitted to cross the river, and obtain such information of rebel movements as they could without too great danger. They crossed at Creelsboro, a little town on the north bank, about twenty miles from Columbia, and proceeded after dark about fifteen miles further, and obtained all the necessary information from the Union citizens. They learned that a squad of rebel cavalry was encamped near by, and concluded to have a little amusement before returning. They soon found the rebel camp, and made a vigorous attack upon it; the men fled, leaving horses and equipage, guns, pistols, sabres, etc. Ferguson took possession of the abandoned property, recrossed the river, and returned to camp in safety with the captured property, which was of

considerable value. A short time after this a company of rebel cavalry were marching to the Cumberland river at Rowena, with the intention of crossing to the north side. Ferguson heard of their movements, and proceeded alone to the river, and secured the only ferry-boat at that point, which he took to the north bank. The river could not at that time be forded. After Ferguson had secured the boat, the rebel cavalry arrived and marched down to the river, but found that the boat had been taken to the opposite bank. Ferguson fired across the river at them with effect. As they could see no enemy, they commenced a retreat; but before they got beyond the reach of his rifle, he had killed one soldier and wounded one or two others, and also killed a horse. He remained at this point and kept them from crossing.

On another occasion Ferguson, one other soldier, and three citizens, crossed the Cumberland, and after dark proceeded to the camp of a rebel regiment. Ferguson's plan was this: he and one of the citizens were to fire upon the camp, while the other soldier and two citizens were to get as many horses as they could take away. They left their own horses a considerable distance from the rebel camp, and proceeded through the woods on foot, avoiding the pickets, until they reached the camp. Ferguson and his companion fired into the camp, creating great confusion; reloaded and fired several times. (They had breech-loading rifles, and could fire very rapidly.) The drums were beat, the sol-

diers aroused from their slumber, and as soon as possible a line of battle was formed. No further attack, however, was made, and the rebels wondered what the matter was ; but next morning they ascertained that five of their best horses were gone. Ferguson and his companions had secured them and recrossed the river in safety. They were much elated with their success, as the captured horses were very fine.

Ferguson did not stop at this ; he continually annoyed the enemy, capturing horses, arms, etc. ; he was also instrumental in obtaining important information. It is not necessary that I should give a detail of the services rendered by him ; enough has already been said to indicate the character of the man. It will only be necessary to add that he was anxious to be upon all hazardous expeditions, and that officers of other regiments, when starting upon important and dangerous missions, would go to Colonel Wolford and ask that Ferguson might be permitted to accompany them. His career, however, was to be short. One evening after dark he stopped at a house near Lancaster, Ky. Soon after entering, he was called by name by a person in front of the house, who told him that his horse was loose. He stepped to the door to answer the call, when he was shot by persons concealed in the yard. One load of buckshot took effect in the bowels, another in the thigh. He returned into the house, procured his rifle, and fired at the assassins from a window, but without effect. His wounds

were mortal ; no medical aid could do him good. He conversed freely, saying that he expected to die, and that his only regret was that he did not have an opportunity to defend himself. He said that he should die without a murmur, if he could have met his enemies face to face, and been killed in open fight, where his chance would have been equal. A short time before his death he said, "I have one consolation : I have discharged my duty to my country ; I have done my duty as a soldier. As many as eight of my country's enemies have fallen at the crack of my rifle, but I never shot a man with his back to me. Take my rifle to Captain Morrison, and tell him that I die at the hands of cowardly assassins, but that I am not afraid to die." His murderers, who no doubt were hired to commit the act, fled to Tennessee. Beasley's friends had sworn that he should not live ; and among others, prominent citizens of Lincoln county were implicated in the crime.

James Ferguson, like many other persons, had faults. While he was brave, and kind to friends, he had no respect for an enemy. He married the daughter of Brooks Owen, a respectable citizen of Clinton county. His wife was true and faithful to him. She never abandoned him in distress, but was always ready to defend his name from attack. She was also true to the Union, and often conveyed important information to the federal camps. Frequently she crossed the Cumberland river, and travelled a distance of thirty or forty miles, for the

purpose of giving information of rebel movements. Champ Ferguson and other rebels would often visit her house and abuse her husband, sometimes reporting that he was dead—that he had been killed in some skirmish or battle. She remained chiefly at home, seldom going out except to obtain and convey information of rebel operations. She is tall and good-looking; dresses plain, as her husband was poor; is frank and candid. She is left with two children to struggle on in her way through the world.

I here close my sketch of the Ferguson brothers. They became quite notorious, and will be long remembered by the citizens on the Kentucky and Tennessee line. They had a brother named Benjamin, noted for nothing in particular except being the brother of Champ and Jim, and reputed a drinking and gambling character. He claimed to be loyal, but remained at home. In 1861 he was shot in the shoulder by Raine H. Philpott, a noted rebel.

#### EDWARD FERGUSON.

Champ Ferguson had a cousin named Edward, who lived in Clinton county at the commencement of the rebellion. He was loyal, and enlisted in the 5th Kentucky cavalry, commanded by Col. D. R. Haggard. He was strictly temperate, but rather excitable. He served in the United States army against the Indians. Of his early history I know nothing, as he lived many years in the State of

Tennessee. He made a good soldier, and was considered the bravest among the brave. My regiment being in a different command, I have no personal knowledge of the services he rendered the Government; but I learned from officers in his regiment that he was one of the best soldiers in their command, and was always ready and enthusiastic when anything was to be done. On one occasion, he took a squad of soldiers and proceeded to a little town called Edmington, near a rebel camp, and tore down the confederate flag, hoisting the Stars and Stripes in its place. Unionists before this had been afraid to venture to this town. While General Zollicoffer held possession of the country south of Cumberland river, Edward Ferguson, together with four other soldiers, left camp at Columbia, Ky., and crossing the Cumberland, proceeded about eight miles south, and after dark attacked a squad of rebels. They met with no cowards, being fiercely assailed in return. Capt. Shelby Coffey, at the head of his men, rushed upon Ferguson and his squad. The two leaders met, and neither flinched. They rushed at each other, firing their revolvers determinedly. Both fell, Ferguson fatally wounded, but not until he had received several shots. Coffey survived but a few weeks. After Ferguson's death, his companions fled, one of them having received a severe but not fatal wound. One rebel, named Gabbert, was killed in this rencontre, and others were wounded.

Ferguson was remarkable for his great strength,

being able to raise immense weights with his teeth. I have seen him thus raise with ease a keg of nails weighing one hundred pounds. He lived and died a poor man, leaving a large family.

CAPT. SHELBY COFFEY.

Captain Shelby Coffey, already referred to, a young man of good family, was born in Wayne county, Ky. The Coffeys of this county were a wealthy and influential people. The Captain represented Wayne county in the Kentucky Legislature of 1860-61. He stood very high among the members of that body. After his return from the session he and other citizens of Wayne county went to Virginia. He was in the battle of Manassas in July, 1861, and is reported to have distinguished himself. Subsequently he returned to Tennessee and Kentucky, where he remained until his death. Brave, and beloved by his acquaintances, he bid fair to become distinguished; but, like many other youths of Kentucky, was misled by political tricksters. He had a good name before the rebellion, and was a candidate for fame; but the curse of rebellion blighted his character. Shelby Coffey was corrupted by James S. Chrisman, of Wayne county, who represented the 4th Congressional District of Kentucky in the Congress of the U. S. in 1854-5. He is now in the Confederate Congress through a fraudulent election. He also corrupted several other young men, and got them in the army—a

place that he could not be induced to occupy himself. He was prevailed upon to go within fifteen miles of the battle of Mill Springs; but as soon as he ascertained that the rebel army was defeated, made fast time south.

James M. Sausley, a young man of good education, who had just graduated at the Law University at Louisville, Ky., and who reposed entire confidence in Chrisman, his uncle, was persuaded by him to abandon his home and follow him to Tennessee. Young Sausley was not willing to go, nor did he intend to join the rebel army; but Chrisman conveyed him to a rebel camp in Fentress county. Capt. Morrison, with his company of Union soldiers, attacked the camp and put the rebels to flight. Poor Sausley was left dead upon the battle ground. His death was regretted by all his acquaintances. He was considered innocent, but a victim to Chrisman's treason. Although several young men of Wayne county whom Chrisman seduced were in this camp, Chrisman himself was not there. He always sought a safer place than a camp.

Who can estimate the magnitude of the crime committed by Simon B. Buckner, John C. Breckinridge, and James S. Chrisman, in misleading and corrupting the youth of Kentucky!

RAINE H. PHILPOTT.

This young man, who has already been spoken of in connection with Champ Ferguson, is of good

parentage, and received an excellent education. His father died while he was a child, leaving him, his only son, considerable property. Inclined to be wild and reckless, he became fond of the intoxicating bowl, and was often found at the card-table. It did not take long, after he arrived at the age of twenty-one, to squander his estate; being haughty and insulting, he was often involved in difficulties. He had a quarrel with a young man named Allen, and attempted to kill him; but Allen, not being so much intoxicated, and quicker in movement, stabbed Philpott severely. A month or so after, Philpott recovered, but was none the wiser for the lesson received. His political tutors either joined the rebellion or became sympathizers of the rebel cause. It is not strange therefore that he followed their example, nor, considering his wild and intemperate habits, is it strange that he became a guerilla, a marauder, and associate with such a man as Champ Ferguson. He was a party to a portion of that villain's crimes. Ferguson and Philpott took horses, mules, and hogs from the citizens, and drove them south for sale. Philpott thereby got a large sum of money in his possession. He was in Tennessee with Champ Ferguson when last heard from, and it was rumored that Ferguson and another person had killed him for his money. Ferguson was capable of such an act, and probably committed the crime; but it was believed that Philpott went to Texas. He was a victim to his passions and the guile of political demagogues.

## CAPTAIN HAMILTON.

Among the notorious rebels and guerilla chiefs is Captain Hamilton, of Jackson county, Tenn. Before the rebellion he was known as a man of property and respectability, although somewhat dissipated, and fond of the race course. At the commencement of hostilities he raised an independent company for the rebel service, operating principally in Jackson and Overton counties, Tenn., and Monroe and Cumberland counties, Ky. On one occasion, while in Cumberland county, he visited the farm of —, for the purpose of capturing or murdering him and his sons. They were all absent except one of the boys, who started to run, when he was fired upon by the party and left for dead; he however recovered. The only fault of this family was loyalty to the Union.

After General Zollicoffer had been defeated and his army driven from the upper Cumberland, and Nashville taken by the Union forces, Hamilton watched the river, and kept up a blockade so that steamboats could not navigate it above Nashville. One boat, however, ventured out and ascended the river. Hamilton permitted it to go up, but captured it on its return. It was laden with tobacco and other valuable property, which he seized. He was very active. He took a great number of horses and other property from Union citizens, and captured from the Home Guards in Kentucky a large

quantity of arms furnished them by the Government. One incident will be sufficient to portray his true character, without relating other crimes which he committed. A young man of Monroe county, Ky., incurred his displeasure, probably because he was a Unionist, as he was considered very quiet and peaceable. Captain Hamilton crossed Cumberland river below Celina, Tenn., and proceeded to Monroe county, Ky., on a raid against the citizens of that county. With a squad of his men he went to the house of this young man and surrounded it. He came out, and being fired upon, ran to escape the danger that threatened him. They fired again, and wounded him, when he was captured. His distressed mother begged them to spare the life of her son, and the young man also entreated them to save his life. But entreaties were of no avail, Hamilton had become a cruel monster; he had lost his manhood. He gave the order; his gang fired again, and the young man sank a lifeless form at his mother's feet. Unhappy mother! Her only child, her only dependence, snatched from her in a moment! Yet she was not the only mother that suffered at the hands of this fiend. Hamilton is still at large, and, if possible, growing harder and more cruel every day.

I have said enough of these guerilla chiefs. They have devastated the country, and carried death to almost every household. Yet they flourish; they have increased their forces, obtained new allies, and extended their work. And who knows



Captain Hamilton Murdering a Young Man.—Page 66.



where it will end? If not checked soon, this border will be a desolated plain. Will the Government suffer this? Will it send protection to these loyal people? Nearly all the able-bodied men of this section are in the army. Can they not be sent back to protect their families from the atrocities of worse than savages?

## CHAPTER III.

## KENTUCKY AND THE REBELLION.

WHAT wonderful changes have been produced by the rebellion! We are in the midst of a conflict which has revolutionized the feelings, sentiments, and opinions of all the people. Who supposed that the rebellion would assume such gigantic proportions? Who suspected that the rebels would exhibit such strength, resource, and energy? Who imagined that it would take more than a million of men to conquer them? Other things just as wonderful have occurred. The rebellion was no sudden thing. Politicians had been preparing the minds of the people for it for more than thirty years. If it had been a sudden outbreak, a bubble, it could have been easily controlled; it would have been crushed ere this. But it was founded upon a deep-seated feeling of hatred. When it came, it brought with it power and strength—a power which forced upon the American people tremendous issues. These issues had to be met and acted upon. Does any one suppose that at the close of the war, when peace is restored to the country, affairs will assume their former condition? Does any one suppose that

slavery will have the same political power that it formerly had, or that the old dispute about slavery in the Territories will be renewed? It is already decided that slavery shall never enter any of the Territories of the United States. Does any one suppose that we will have any more fugitive-slave laws? Is not everybody satisfied that slavery as an institution has received a death blow—that it is in its last agonies? The slaves may not be liberated during the struggle, but a blow has already been struck that will finally destroy slavery upon the American continent.

I have been led to these reflections by a retrospective view of the condition of my native State, Kentucky. They may not be proper in this place, but I will let them stand as I have written them. Powerful changes have already occurred in Kentucky; a mighty revolution has taken place in that State. As these changes are for the better, I have no reflections to cast upon any one who has assisted in producing this change. As a Kentuckian, I am familiar with the occurrences in my native State for several years past. I will take a brief notice of affairs there, in order to set forth the gradual changes taking place, and to explain the reasons why Kentucky was slow in taking up arms in defence of the Government; and also to present the difficulties under which a few patriotic and brave spirits have labored.

In 1859, the people of Kentucky were called upon to cast their suffrages for an occupant of the

Gubernatorial chair for the succeeding four years. Beriah Magoffin, Democrat, and Joshua F. Bell (old line Whig), opposition, were the candidates. The Democrats had obtained the ascendancy in 1856, and a powerful effort was to be made to redeem the State from their power. The opposition brought out their most popular man. For many years the question of slavery had been agitated to such an extent that the elections were controlled almost entirely by it. There had been a continual clamor for Southern rights, in which the Democrats had generally taken the lead. Bell was a shrewd politician. He endeavored to get the advantage in this canvass. He took the position that, in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, Congress had the power, and it was a duty, to pass a law to protect slave property in the Territories. Magoffin took the position that the Constitution and the common law afforded sufficient protection, and that no legislation was necessary. It will be seen that each party at that time favored the extension of slavery, and that politicians appealed to sectional feelings and prejudices to carry their elections.

Magoffin was elected by a small majority. The canvass was very unfortunate for the Union cause. It was calculated to poison the minds of the people, and prejudice them against the people of the Northern States. It gave encouragement to the secessionists, who were then planning the destruction of the Union. Bell was so heated with party excite-

ment, that he did not see the fatal results which an agitation of the question in that form would produce. He did not know that he was adding fuel to the volcano that was then almost ready to burst and send destruction throughout the land. When his head became cool, and he was no longer a candidate, his voice was heard sounding throughout the State, denouncing everything that had a tendency to weaken the cords that bound us together as one people. The very next year he stigmatized, in eloquent tones, the Breckinridge party, as a disunion party—a party which advocated the same doctrines he upheld the year before.

In 1860, the people were called upon to elect a President for four years from the 4th of March, 1861. Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, John Bell, and John C. Breckinridge were the candidates. Abraham Lincoln was elected. John Bell obtained the electoral vote of Kentucky; John C. Breckinridge, once the pride of Kentucky, was defeated in his native State. He was the candidate of the secessionists. The people of Kentucky were not prepared to indorse any movement that had for its object the dissolution of the Union; yet Breckinridge received a large vote in the State, while Lincoln received but few. Douglas received a respectable, but not large vote. The bold canvass made by him and his friends aided greatly in defeating Breckinridge. The denunciation of sectional parties, and the warm advocacy of national unity, by Douglas, had a powerful effect. It, to a

great degree, broke the chain that politicians had been forging for the people; it caused many to pause and think; it brought many back to their former love of the Union.

In April, 1861, all the cotton States had seceded: Virginia was gone. The loyal States were called upon to furnish troops to put down the rebellion. Kentucky hesitated; she at first declared that she would be neutral. Why was this?

1st. The institutions of Kentucky were similar to those of the seceded States; they were sister States; Kentucky had always been upon the most friendly terms with them; she therefore had a natural sympathy for them.

2d. The politicians for many years had told the people that the South had been imposed upon, and had not obtained their rights; and by these means had created a feeling which was hard to subdue. With such men as John C. Breckinridge, Humphrey Marshal, William Preston, Simon B. Buckner, James B. Clay, William E. Simms, Henry C. Burnett, and others, advocating the Southern cause, and Governor Magoffin inclining in that direction, it was no easy task to take a bold stand against the South, and surmount these difficulties.

3d. She also hoped, by taking this position, to exercise a greater influence for the Union; she hoped to influence the seceding States to return to their allegiance.

But when it was known that no compromise

could be effected, and when Kentucky's soil was invaded, neutrality was no longer known; there could be no neutrality. Kentucky had to be either for or against the Union. She would not abandon the Government that had never wronged her; she would not abandon the star-gemmed banner that had afforded ample protection to her people, and become a party to Southern treason. The question was soon decided. Her sons rallied around the flag of their country.

Such is an outline of the struggle in Kentucky. Union men had many difficulties to surmount. The people of this State have met other important questions and decided upon them. She is now for the Union without any conditions. She prefers the Union without slavery, to disunion with slavery. She has sacrificed sectional feelings: a confiscation bill has been passed by Congress; the President has issued an emancipation proclamation; yet Kentucky does not falter. Her soldiers are in the foremost ranks, doing battle for the country's cause, for freedom and liberty.

I have already said too much upon a matter that is so well understood. Although the doctrine of neutrality was at one time quite popular in Kentucky, yet there were Kentuckians that knew no neutrality. They were for the Union unconditionally. They advocated the use of immediate and decisive means to crush the rebellion. They said that any attempt to compromise with it was useless. Such was the position of Judge Thomas E. Bramlette

and Frank Wolford. They knew no neutrality between their Government and rebels. They made speeches. Judge Bramlette spoke in every county in his judicial district, and some of the speeches were published. These two patriots were ready and anxious to raise troops for the defence of the Government; but they would not leave the State to organize Kentucky soldiers, as did some others. They did not receive permission to organize Kentucky troops upon Kentucky's soil till July, 1861, when it was decided to establish a camp for the collection and instruction of Kentucky volunteers. Bramlette, Wolford, Speed, S. Fry, and T. T. Garrard received commissions as colonels. Colonel Wolford was authorized to raise a regiment of cavalry, and the others infantry. These noble spirits had serious difficulties to encounter. Governor Magoffin was opposed to the establishment of the camp. The camp was threatened by the State Guard, under command of General S. B. Buckner. Men claiming loyalty opposed the movement. It has been said that Garrett Davis, now United States Senator, strenuously opposed it; that he visited the camp, for the purpose of urging these colonels to abandon the enterprise; that he went to see President Lincoln in regard to it. Various citizens visited the camp and talked to the officers, and endeavored to persuade them to abandon the movement. I was told by an officer that a meeting was held at the camp, at which several distinguished Kentuckians were present, and that only one citi-

zen (E. L. Van Winkle) supported the officers. The camp was, however, established, and these four colonels were soon at the head of a fine body of Kentucky soldiers. Two regiments of Tennessee troops were also organized at this camp.

#### CAMP DICK ROBINSON.

The camp established by these noble and patriotic spirits was called Camp Dick Robinson. It took its name from Dick (Richard) Robinson, the owner of the farm upon which it was established. The camp was located in Garrard county, on the turnpike road leading from Lancaster and Danville to Lexington. The roads from these towns formed a junction at Robinson's. The camp is in a very wealthy blue-grass region. Dick's river is about two miles west, and the Kentucky river about ten miles north, of the camp. These two rivers, and the broken land and hills through which they run, with the hills east of the camp, make it a very strong military position. The country south of it is level, and quite fertile. The camp was situated on a very rich and level farm.

#### GENERAL WILLIAM NELSON.

General William Nelson, who commanded at this camp, had been a naval officer for a number of years. He was a very large man. He had a strong

constitution, large red face, broad forehead, black hair which curled slightly. He had a fine voice, which was strong, and could be heard at a great distance. He was excitable, and easily got into a passion ; was very strict in discipline, and could not tolerate opposition ; strict and tyrannical as a soldier, but quite social, and enjoyed himself in good society. He was a good scholar and a fine writer.

COLONEL THOMAS E. BRAMLETTE.

Colonel Bramlette, as has already been said, took a very decided and firm position against the rebellion. The regiment organized by him was denominated the 3d Regiment of Kentucky infantry. He was born and raised in Clinton county, Ky., where he practised law for a number of years. He was a member of the Kentucky Legislature from this county for one session ; he also acted as Commonwealth's Attorney while a citizen of the county. In 1852 he moved to Columbia, Ky., where he became noted as one of the best lawyers in the State. In 1856 he was elected District or Circuit Judge, in which capacity he served till July, 1861. I have already said that at the commencement of the rebellion he took a decided position, and canvassed part of the State. He was the originator of the plan to arm the Home Guards of the State. These arms were styled Lincoln guns. Colonel Bramlette said it made no difference what they

were called, they were the best and only argument for traitors. The possession of them was the means of keeping the secessionists of the State quiet, and the only thing that prevented civil war. Colonel Bramlette labored more faithfully and did more good for the Union cause than any man in the State. His regiment was organized from the mountain counties. After leaving Camp Dick Robinson, he did good service in Kentucky under General Thomas, and afterward in Tennessee and at Corinth under General Buell. He is tall and slender, has a Roman nose and eagle eye, a large head and prominent forehead. He is a man of fine intellect, and, like many other great men, is self-made. He has an unconquerable will, and is the bravest among the brave. It is to be regretted that he did not have a position equal to his capacity. The Kentucky Legislature unanimously recommended him as a suitable person to be commissioned as a brigadier-general, and it is unfortunate that he did not receive the appointment.

COLONEL T. T. GARRARD.

Colonel Garrard organized the 6th Kentucky regiment of infantry. He was an officer in the Mexican war, in which capacity he rendered good service. At the time of his commission as colonel he was State senator. His regiment has seen much service. They were at Wildcat, and also with General Morgan at the Cumberland Gap.

They have had many skirmishes with the enemy. Colonel Garrard is considered a fine officer.

COLONEL SPEED S. FRY.

This officer organized the 4th regiment of Kentucky infantry. He is about forty years old, and rather heavy built; is good natured and pleasant, cool and brave in battle, and an excellent officer. He was a captain in the Mexican war, and distinguished himself at the battle of Buena Vista. He earned distinction also at the battle of Mill Springs, January 19th, 1862. General Zollicoffer was slain by him in this battle, and for his gallantry he received a commission as brigadier-general. As such he has done excellent service under General Buell.

COLONEL BIRD.

This gentleman is a citizen of Tennessee. He was a farmer of considerable wealth, but, being loyal, was compelled to abandon his home and property. He bade farewell to his wife and children, and made his escape over the mountains to Kentucky. He was commissioned as colonel of the 1st East Tennessee regiment.

COLONEL CARTER,

Who commands the 2d East Tennessee regiment, is only known to me as a refugee from Tennessee,

and a man of high standing at home. His regiment and that of Colonel Bird were organized at Camp Dick Robinson. I have already mentioned the services rendered by them.

#### GENERAL CARTER

Was at this camp with the two Tennessee regiments. He is of a good family—a fine-looking man, and appears to be very attentive and industrious. He has been in the mountains with General Morgan. I think he is an officer in the United States army or navy, perhaps a naval officer.

#### COLONEL FRANK WOLFORD.

Colonel Wolford is forty-five years old. He is heavy built, but not tall; has black hair, a gray, restless eye, and a Roman nose; dresses plainly, and is quite homely. He is a member of the Baptist Church, and never drinks intoxicating liquors. He resides in Liberty, Ky., and is a lawyer of high standing. He is very effective before a jury. In society he is fond of a joke, and keeps everybody in his presence in good humor. He has been a member of the Kentucky Legislature, but is no politician, and is strongly opposed to the use of money or liquors in elections. He is a widower, his wife having died several years ago, leaving him three children, two boys and a girl. During the war with Mexico he raised a company, but as their

services were not received, he enlisted as a private in another company—the 2d Kentucky regiment, commanded by Colonels McKee and young Henry Clay. He was in the battle of Buena Vista, and near Colonel Clay when he received his first wound. He called together a squad of soldiers, told them that they must save their Colonel, and directed two of them to take Colonel Clay in their arms, which they did, when the others formed a circle around them, and with their bayonets kept the Mexicans off. In this order they proceeded about half a mile, when they were compelled to abandon their gallant Colonel, some of the men being killed, and the circle broken. Wolford and one other soldier only of this squad made their escape.

Colonel Wolford has always been an uncompromising Union man, even when others were talking about the glorious results to be derived from a condition of neutrality, and the proud position Kentucky occupied—that while the storm was raging, and all was confusion and excitement on every side, Kentucky remained calm, and stood majestic, bidding defiance to the waves of passion that were surging and beating against her ship of state; that Kentucky would become the most honored member of the confederacy. Colonel Wolford told them that this was very pretty talk, but as for him, he knew no neutrality; the strife was between his country and traitors who were attempting to destroy it; and if Kentucky permitted others to crush the rebellion and restore the Union with-

out her help, she would be the most dishonored State of the Union.

In July he received a commission as colonel of cavalry, and at once set about to recruit his regiment. On August 3d, three companies of his regiment went into camp at Camp Dick Robinson. It was not long before his regiment numbered twelve companies. He is a brave, energetic officer, and restless unless in active service; is very kind to his soldiers, and beloved by all of them. If there is any fighting to be done, he wants to do a part of it. He is perfectly cool upon the battle-field, not appearing to be the least excited. His regiment has done service in all parts of Kentucky and Middle Tennessee. The Colonel distinguished himself at the battles of Wild Cat, October 21st, 1861, Mill Springs, January 19th, 1862, and Lebanon, Tenn., May 5th, 1862, where he was severely wounded. Besides these battles, his regiment has been in many skirmishes, and done good service as scouts.

I will here introduce a letter written to the *Louisville Journal*, February 26, 1862, which gives a characteristic yet truthful account of the services rendered by Colonel Wofford's regiment to that date.

"CAMP MORTON, NEAR BARDSTOWN, Feb. 26.

"*To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:*

"GENTLEMEN: Colonel Wofford and his regiment have at last found a resting place. No pickets out, no camp guard, yet restless and anxious to

be on march to the South. This regiment has been on almost a continual scout for nearly six months past. They met the rebels first in an attempt to stop our arms at Lexington, and, headed by Colonel Bramlette, by one decisive stroke put down all armed interference there. They marched to Munday's landing, and by that movement showed the difficulty of escaping to Zollicoffer at the Cumberland Gap. They hastened to Frankfort to secure that city and arsenal, and, headed by Colonel Wolford and with Bramlette's infantry, terrified the secesh of 'Sweet Owen' to silence. They were then despatched to meet the advance of Zollicoffer's cavalry upon London, and when they reached that place the inhabitants had all fled, except one old lady, who came out clapping her hands and shouting, 'Glory to God, the country is saved! Here is Colonel Wolford and his cavalry.' The people soon returned, when he again fell back upon Camp Wildcat, and, in connection with Garrard's regiment, fortified that place. In a few days he had a heavy skirmish at London with a double number, and drove them back in terror. We had hardly time to return and rest our horses and men, when Zollicoffer marched up to storm Camp Wildcat. We reached the works on Sabbath, and took the advance position with the 33d Indiana, and there about seven hundred men of these two gallant regiments, with a few home guards, met the main attack of the enemy as they attempted to storm that point in order to shell our camp. Wolford's and Colonel Coburn's

Indiana regiments, both on foot and side by side, mingled their kindred blood in that short, decisive conflict. The other regiments would have doubtless done as well, but these occupied the front and most exposed position. The enemy ever after were heard to say that they feared the '*Old Wolf*' with his Sharp's-rifle boys. This regiment are nearly all mountain boys, farmers' sons, quiet and orderly in camp, befriended by the mountain people, and welcome in every house, and known over all South-eastern Kentucky. After the Wildcat battle, all except two companies were sent to Somerset, and scouted down to Albany, and even over to Tennessee. Captain Morrison and his company were the first to pass into Tennessee of all the Union forces, when they broke up the secesh camp, McGinnis. After clearing the counties of Wayne and Clinton three times, they were ordered back with Brantlette's and Hoskins's regiments to Somerset, and from there in a few days passed down to Columbia. From Columbia a part under Colonel Wolford returned to Waitesboro, and, after assisting to repel Zollicoffer, returned again to Columbia, where, after nearly four months' hard service, they were furnished proper clothing for the first time, and two months' pay. After this, Lieutenant-Colonel Letcher, with half (six companies) of the regiment, was ordered to the Big Sandy to assist in driving back Marshall's forces, and these companies will rejoin us again this week here. From the fact that this regiment has been divided into three divisions, and were the

only cavalry in Southeastern Kentucky to bear despatches, and often passed from one division to the other, some think they have no discipline or order, which is a secesh falsehood, and used by them because they wished to injure, and, if possible, get the regiment changed into infantry. But if they would know how this regiment is regarded by the Union citizens, let them go to those parts where they have been, and where all Union citizens welcomed them as their protectors and friends. Wolford and his regiment are more dreaded by the enemy in East Tennessee than all the rest, the prisoners tell us. And Zollicoffer was in the continual habit of charging them, when he sent them out on reconnoissance from Mill Spring toward Green river, 'to keep a sharp lookout, or the *Old Wolf* would get them certain.' With only four companies he occupied camp Williams, within twenty-five miles of the whole force of Zollicoffer, for over a month, coming in almost daily conflicts with some of his pickets. His prisoners tell us they were awfully afraid of our pickets, as we carried such long-ranged, deadly guns. And when their forage trains came over toward Green river, the Union men would hide, and the women stand in the door and tell them how glad they were that they were going over there, 'for the Old Wolf would be sure to get them.' And under that apprehension they would often turn back or go some other course for forage. They say they did not like to meet men who carried *young cannons* on their horses. They had heard their balls whistle at

Wildcat, and did not wish to hear them again. They always reconnoitered in large force, and at every few miles inquired for Welford's cavalry; and, we think, the secrecy of General Thomas's success was owing in part to their dread of meeting him. The two companies at Somerset never had much chance, as they were always met by five times their number when on picket, and they often met and fought ten times their own number, falling back generally in good order to the encampment.

“There has been hardly a battle or skirmish in all Eastern or Southeastern Kentucky but what some of this regiment were in it, fighting either on horseback or afoot, as they could do the best service. They do not, however, pretend to be a well-drilled regiment, nor are they all armed as regular cavalry. But in a kind of ‘half-horse and half-alligator fight’ they are hard to beat. Their companies are drilled in company drill, and, as companies, in your own graphic language, are ‘*h—l on a scout*.’ The Colonel is the idol of his men, and, as a quiet, plain, sensible, generous, Christian gentleman, is an example to all in like position. A lawyer by profession, and a soldier who, when his company (of which he was captain) was not received in the Mexican war, enlisted in another as a private and served with honor, he deserves the high position he holds in the service and in the people's affections. He and his brave boys did their duty in the battle at Logan's Fields and Mill Spring, as all know. In the advance on horses, and then with

the gallant Indiana 10th and Kentucky 4th on foot, they fought on until the victory was complete.

“They claim no precedence over the other brave regiments in that battle, where all did their duty nobly and well. But it is a wonderful coincidence that these same cavalry boys, with another Indiana regiment, were again in the advance as at Wildcat, and thus, as brothers from sister States, cemented their love of the union with their blood. They fell side by side—they fill a common and a hallowed grave; and let Indiana and Kentucky, Ohio and Minnesota, remember their brave sons sleeping on the banks of the Cumberland, and let no prejudice jar the living who have so glorious a common heritage there. KIRKWOOD.

“P. S. One of our companies has just returned from detached service in Clinton county. They report the cavalry of McHenry and Bledsoe as still stealing horses and committing outrages in that county. They had a skirmish with a party headed by Champ Ferguson, in which they killed one and mortally wounded three more, as we learned, and got six horses; one of ours only slightly wounded. The forces of Mill Spring, after their defeat, all fled home in utter confusion, and no company of all that army can be gathered together again. K.”

It may not be out of place here to give a few anecdotes of Colonel Wolford, which may prove interesting to the reader.

General Nelson had great confidence in Colonel Wofford, and always treated him kindly. On one occasion, in the Colonel's absence, General Nelson visited the cavalry camp, and, not finding things to suit him, cursed both officers and privates. This created considerable excitement, as the Kentuckians did not like to be talked to in that manner. On Colonel Wofford's return to camp he was informed of the occurrence. He went to General Nelson, and told him that he understood he had cursed his officers and men. General Nelson said that it was true; that he could not get them to do right, and that they would not obey his orders. Col. Wofford said he did not wish any one to curse his soldiers—that he would as soon be cursed himself. General Nelson said he would not curse them if the Colonel would make them obey. The Colonel replied that he could do that. General Nelson then remarked, "Well, Colonel, if you will, I will not go in your camp any more." The General kept his word. When he spoke of them afterward he would say, "They don't like discipline, but they will fight like h—l."

In the latter part of September, 1861, Colonel Wofford, with a portion of his regiment, was marching in the direction of London, Ky., to meet the advance of General Zollicoffer's forces, who were then moving into Kentucky. A lady ran to the roadside, shouting, "Glory to God! I thank God that I have been spared to see the sight." Colonel Wofford in a loud voice gave the command, "Col-

umn, halt!" and rode to the lady, and said, "Are you a single lady, a married woman, or a widow?" She said, "I am a widow." Said the Colonel, "I am a widower, and if you are willing, we will get married when the war is over." She said, "Agreed." He continued, "You must get you a pair of shoes before the wedding." "I have a pair of shoes," she replied, "but the rebel scamps didn't give me time to put them on." Said the Colonel, "Well, give me your hand." They shook hands and separated. Colonel Wolford rode back and gave the word of command, "Forward, march!" and moved away. The Colonel said he would know the lady if he was to see her again, but forgot to ask her name; and is afraid that he will have some difficulty in finding her at the end of the war.

In April, 1862, Colonel Wolford, with a portion of his regiment, marched from Glasgow, Ky., to Celina, Tenn., expecting to meet a rebel force reported to be in that vicinity: they were not found, however. While his forces were crossing the Cumberland river, the men of the town fled; but the women collected in squads, and from their actions Colonel Wolford supposed they were alarmed. He approached them calmly, and told them not to be alarmed, as he came to make war upon soldiers, and not upon defenceless women. One of them replied, "Colonel, I am not afraid of you or any of your soldiers; and I don't suppose these ladies are; if so, they are not genuine Southern ladies." The Colonel replied that he was glad to know they were

not alarmed, and left, without attempting to quiet any other ladies of that town.

While Colonel Wolford's regiment was stationed at Camp Dick Robinson, a citizen inquired for him. An officer pointed him to the Colonel. The citizen said, "Do you mean to insult me? I want to see the Colonel. I want no burlesque." He expected to see a fine-looking officer, dressed in splendid uniform, but was disappointed, as Colonel Wolford is an unhandsome man, dressing in plain attire.

Colonel Wolford is very strict about interfering with citizens or their private property, maintaining that they should be respected. He is kind to prisoners: no officer in the army shows more attention to the sick and wounded. He is a pure patriot. It was reported to him that he was about to be removed from his command. He said, "They can't prevent me from fighting. I will go in the ranks."

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE WRITER'S EXPERIENCE IN THE ARMY.

IN addition to what has already been said, I will give a sketch of some things that came under my observation while in the army. I do not pretend to furnish a detailed account of all that occurred in my one year's campaign, but simply a synopsis of what passed under my notice, not already alluded to.

In the spring of 1861 the State of Tennessee seceded from the Union; or rather, the Legislature and Governor Harris passed an ordinance of secession, and formed a league with the cotton States, contrary to the expressed will of the people. Soon after this a squadron of cavalry and a body of infantry were sent to Fentress county, Tenn., adjoining Clinton county, Ky. The citizens of the latter county considered this as a menace; but they were entirely helpless. No United States troops were in Kentucky, nor were any likely to be, as it was said that Kentucky's neutrality would be respected. The State authorities were known as secession sympathizers: General S. B. Buckner, commander of the State Guard, could not be relied upon. Here

was a loyal people, who at that time could not receive the protection of either State or National Government!

The citizens of Clinton county concluded to prepare for their own defence, if they should be attacked. A public meeting was held. Two companies were organized, one cavalry and one infantry. William A. Hoskins was elected captain of the cavalry, J. A. Brents first lieutenant, J. P. Pickens second lieutenant, and J. A. Morrison third lieutenant. Captain Hoskins was directed to procure arms for these companies immediately. He proceeded to Cincinnati, and there obtained from General William Nelson one hundred muskets for the infantry, but could not procure arms for the cavalry. He visited Washington City, but met with no better success there; cavalry arms could not be obtained. However, his visit to Washington resulted in great good to the cause. General William Nelson has received the credit of arming the Home Guards of Kentucky, which kept the secessionists of that State quiet, and establishing Camp Dick Robinson. He is justly entitled to a portion of the honor, but not all. Colonel Thomas E. Bramlette first suggested that the citizens should organize companies and procure arms from the Government, and was instrumental in obtaining a large number of "Lincoln guns." General Nelson, who was then a lieutenant in the navy, was appointed agent by the authorities at Washington to deliver these arms. He accompanied Captain Hoskins to

Washington. Captain Hoskins represented the condition of affairs. He stated that the secessionists were collecting troops upon the border of Kentucky; that the citizens along the border were entirely defenceless; that nothing could be expected from the State Government; and that the citizens had determined to defend themselves if they could procure arms. He added that the people of the mountain counties and along the border were entirely loyal; that they had not declared and did not intend to declare neutrality between their country and those that were attempting its destruction; and that they were anxious to enlist in the Union army, and desired an opportunity to do so; and further, that as loyal citizens they asked the aid and protection of the Government. The result of this conference is well known; it was at once decided to establish a camp in Kentucky for the collection and instruction of Kentucky troops. Lieutenant Nelson was appointed a brigadier-general, and given the command of this camp. Captain W. A. Hoskins was appointed quartermaster, and was also given control of the commissary and ordnance departments for a time, and directed to procure stores, arms, &c. Thomas E. Bramlette and others were commissioned as colonels, and authorized to raise regiments of Kentucky troops for United States service.

Captain Hoskins returned home about the 15th July, and reported that he could procure no arms for the cavalry company, but that a camp for in-

struction would be immediately established. Lieutenants Brents and Morrison engaged in the work, and on the 3d of August had a full company of cavalry ready to start for camp. This was a great day in Albany. The entire population of the county had assembled. No common occurrence had brought them together. They had assembled to bid farewell to eighty-five citizens who had enlisted in the Union army for three years. It was the first company to depart from that section. Some had assembled through curiosity; but many had come to bid farewell to husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, and relatives. The company departed amidst the tears and shouts of the citizens. One incident occurred during the day worth recording. The notorious Champ Ferguson was there. He made a remark about the soldiers that was not relished by one Milton Bunch, who heard it. Bunch proceeded quietly and procured a gun, and was in the act of shooting him, when a citizen noticed it, and knocked the gun up, thereby saving Champ's life.

The company proceeded to Camp Dick Robinson, a distance of about one hundred miles, through Monticello, Somerset, Crab Orchard, and Lancaster, where they arrived on the 6th. This march was one continual ovation. They were welcomed all along the route. The citizens of Monticello and Somerset, where they stayed during the nights of the 3d and 4th, received and feasted them like lords; men and horses fared bounteously. These

were the first troops that passed through this country, and it was something new to the people. But this was not the only reason why they were so hospitable. Nearly the entire distance is through a mountainous portion of the State, where the citizens have always been loyal. The blue-grass region and the wealthier portion of the State have done well. They have furnished a large number of soldiers and many gallant officers, such as Generals Rousseau, Jackson, Boyle, and others. They also gave the rebels John C. Breckinridge, Simon B. Buckner, William Preston, Roger Hanson, William E. Simms, Henry C. Burnett, Humphrey Marshall, and many others. But the mountain counties were united, and, as soon as they had an opportunity, rushed to arms in defence of the Government and the great principles of human liberty. It is true a few mountain men joined the rebellion, but they were generally very bad characters. James S. Chrisman is about the only prominent man in that part of the State who joined the confederates, and he was a corrupt, unprincipled fellow. Let me notice what a few of these counties have done.

Clinton county (as I have before stated), with only nine hundred voters, furnished six hundred soldiers. Colonel William A. Hoskins, of the 12th Kentucky regiment, a gallant officer, is from this county: also Captain John A. Morrison, who has distinguished himself for courage, energy, and skill, and other officers. The writer, who served as a major one year, hails from this county. Cumber-

land, another small county, did nearly as well as Clinton in furnishing men. Colonel D. R. Haggard, and Majors Mike H. Ousley and Thomas C. Winfrey, all of the 5th Kentucky cavalry, are from Cumberland. Colonel Thomas E. Bramlette, one of the noblest and most intellectual men in Kentucky, Colonel McKee, and Major W. H. Spencer and many other officers, are from Adair county; also a large number of soldiers. Pulaski county furnished over a thousand men. Wayne, Russell, and other counties did well. Nearly every able-bodied man in Casey county volunteered. The gallant Colonel Wolford is from this county. I have only mentioned a few counties in the Fourth Congressional District. But I must return.

Upon our arrival at Camp Dick Robinson, we found no tents, and not many military stores, as it would have been dangerous to collect any amount of stores without troops to guard them. For a week or more we had to take mother earth for a bed, and open space as a covering. Recruits were daily arriving. East-Tennesseans soon began to come in. Pickets were kept on all the roads leading to the camp, as it was thought we might be attacked by the State Guards under General Simon B. Buckner. It was also rumored that John C. Breckinridge was collecting a force to attack the camp. No attempt however was made; although we had very frequently much amusement, caused by raw soldiers on picket duty getting alarmed, and running into camp and reporting a large force at hand. Then

what confusion—what stirring and moving from point to point—drums beating—marching and counter-marching! Excited soldiers would rush to the warehouse, and break open boxes to procure arms and amunition. During these scenes General Nelson's large form could be seen on his charger, rushing from point to point, swearing like a toper, and attempting to quiet and regulate the excited soldiers, who every moment expected to be attacked. His voice could be heard above the din and noise caused by the confusion. These scenes were quite laughable. They were sometimes caused intentionally by officers, that the soldiers might become disciplined and experienced. The cavalry generally got the worst of it. They would often be sent out to hunt the enemy, but were never so fortunate as to find a foe worthy of their steel. Often would they be aroused at the hour of midnight, mount their horses, and ride over hills and down dark valleys, and return to camp just at the break of day. Sometimes the guard at the bridge over the Kentucky river, ten miles distant, would send word to camp that they were about to be attacked. The cavalry would be aroused and sent to their assistance, but on reaching the bridge would find all quiet, the alarm having been caused by a horse running through the woods, or something of like character.

In August a report came that a large number of arms *en route* for camp had been stopped at Lexington by the secessionists. Colonel Wolford being

absent, Colonel Thomas E. Bramlette, of the 3d Kentucky infantry, and Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Letcher, took command of the cavalry, and, with a large number of wagons, proceeded to Lexington for the purpose of procuring and bringing away the arms. The little band marched through the streets of Lexington, and proceeded quietly to the railroad depot, where they found the arms. On their arrival there, they heard a bugle sound for the assembling of two companies of cavalry claiming to be Home Guards, but who were rebels in disguise. The Union forces were well armed, and had been thoroughly drilled. Colonel Bramlette formed his men in front of the depot, told them to stand firm, and, if attacked, reserve their fire until their enemies were in good range, then discharge their pieces and make a fierce charge upon them. A squad at Lexington also ran out their cannon and joined Colonel Bramlette. The secessionists concluded it would be a bad job, and no attack was made. John C. Breckinridge sent a messenger to Colonel Bramlette, informing him that, as Kentucky had declared neutrality, his (Bramlette's) action was a violation of that neutrality, and an indignity offered to the peaceable and quiet citizens of Lexington; and as he (Breckinridge) did not want any bloodshed, he requested Colonel Bramlette with his forces to retire from the city. Colonel Bramlette replied that Kentucky was in the Union, and he thought her loyal sons had a right to proceed to Lexington or elsewhere upon their own business; that they

did not come to make an attack upon any one, but simply to procure arms that had been stopped at the depot; that they intended to have them before they left the city; and that his soldiers would defend themselves if attacked. Breckinridge then sent word, that if he would move his forces beyond the limits of the city he (Breckinridge) would have the arms sent to him. Colonel Bramlette, although a member of the church, sent word, it is said, to Breckinridge, "to go to h—l; that he knew his own business, and could attend to it better than traitors." He received no further message from Breckinridge, but quietly loaded his wagons with the arms and ammunition, and left the city without further interruption.

It may be asked, why Colonel Bramlette did not attack Breckinridge and his forces. 1. Breckinridge denied being disloyal; he also denied stopping the arms. 2. Neutrality had been declared in Kentucky, and Union men had opposed the formation of a camp in the State (among them distinguished and influential citizens), and to have become the aggressive party at that time would have seriously endangered the Union cause in Kentucky. Hence Colonel Bramlette had received orders to act only on the defensive.

A short time after this a portion of the cavalry marched to Clay's ferry, Madison county, to intercept a party of rebels who were making their way South. As the rebels had taken another road and made their escape, the cavalry returned to camp.

Nothing remarkable occurred on this trip. The road travelled was through a very uneven portion of the country. We passed through Cassius M. Clay's farm. He is very wealthy, and has a large, rich, and well-cultivated farm, well stocked with the finest cattle in the United States. Madison county is one of the wealthiest counties in the State. Cassius M. Clay has been a bold thinker, and always ready to speak his sentiments. He has met with considerable opposition and persecution; and at one time had a printing press destroyed at Lexington. His life has often been threatened, and he has been notified to quit the State. But nothing could daunt him; he was always ready to and always did defend himself. In 1851 he was a candidate for Governor, and canvassed the State in favor of emancipation, but received few votes. He may have faults, but cowardice in any form is not one of them.

In September a portion of the cavalry marched through Crab Orchard and Mount Vernon, and crossing Rockcastle river, established Camp Wildcat, about three miles south of the river, and prepared hasty works of defence, as General Zollicoffer was then at Barbourville, expecting to march against the camp. While here, I took thirty men and proceeded to London, twenty miles distant, and midway between Barbourville and our camp. Upon our arrival in the town we found the inhabitants greatly excited. They had just received word that a part of General Zollicoffer's forces were on

the march, and were expected there that night. Captain Brown had collected two or three hundred citizens, who were armed with muskets, and had taken a position about two miles south of the town, with the intention of fighting the rebels if they should come. After we had partaken of a bountiful supper at the hotel, I visited Captain Brown's camp, consulted with him as to his arrangements, returned to town, and with my men took lodgings in the court house for the night. The enemy did not make his appearance, and next morning, after eating a warm breakfast, we returned to camp without anything occurring worthy of particular notice, except the hospitality and loyalty of these mountain people. They could not be kind enough to a Union soldier. Judge Pearl had made the arrangements at the hotel for our accommodation and comfort. When we decided to stay at the court house, he made the soldiers go to his residence and take beds and bed clothing, that they might rest more comfortably. He paid for both supper and breakfast with money from his own pocket. I never met with a more kind-hearted gentleman in my life. He is one of nature's noblemen. These mountain citizens, besides being brave and loyal, are kind and noble without exception. The citizens of Barboursville attacked General Zollicoffer's advance but a few days before this, killing and wounding many of his men, with a loss of one man on their side.

A few days after this visit, Colonel Wolford, with sixty men, marched to London to reconnoitre,

and assist Captain Brown's forces, if necessary. On his arrival he met Brown's men fleeing before General Zollicoffer's forces. Colonel Wolford got his little squad into line and awaited the approach of the enemy. They were soon close upon him, when he ordered his men to fire. They poured a deliberate volley into their ranks, killing and wounding several. The others fell back upon the main force. General Zollicoffer knew that this assault did not come from Captain Brown's men, and being afraid of an ambush, or for some other reason, made no further attack, but retired to Barboursville. Colonel Wolford returned to Camp Wildcat.

About the 1st of October, the 6th Kentucky regiment, commanded by Colonel T. T. Garrard, arrived at Camp Wildcat, when Colonel Wolford and his cavalry returned to Camp Dick Robinson. A few days before this, however, one company (Captain Morrison's) left for Albany, Ky., The rebel troops had invaded Kentucky from Fentress county, and captured several home-guard guns at Albany. This company, which was raised in Clinton county, was permitted to return and assist in driving the invaders from their homes. Colonel Hoskins, a citizen of the county, also returned home to organize the Home Guards for the defence of that part of the country. When this little band arrived at Albany, they found that the enemy had retired into Tennessee, but were expected to return. They numbered about one thousand. Colonel Hos-

kins called upon the Home Guards to assist him in defending the place, and his call was responded to by the Home Guards of Clinton, Russell, Casey, and Adair. This was a rich campaign. A fight was expected every hour, and all were excited. We had several alarms of a character with those occurring at Camp Dick Robinson, but no attack was made. The rebels became alarmed and retired to Monroe, Overton county, where they commenced fortifying. Colonel Hoskins grew impatient at not being attacked, and concluded to become the aggressor. The rebels had established a camp at Travisville, and Colonel Hoskins ordered Captain Morrison to take his company and attack them. The captain, a gallant and brave officer, being quite anxious for the expedition, was not long in getting away. He proceeded to the camp, a distance of fifteen miles, and made the attack in a fierce and determined manner. The rebels soon fled, leaving horses, saddles, guns, pistols, papers, &c., behind. Not one of Captain Morrison's men was hurt, but the rebels lost several. Among the killed was James M. Saufley, who has already been noticed. Poor fellow! a victim to Chrisman's treachery.

Captain Morrison returned to Albany the same day, with a considerable amount of captured property. James Ferguson was in this engagement, and it was generally supposed that he killed Saufley. The Home Guards of the adjoining counties got weary of waiting for an attack from the enemy, and returned home; and as Colonel Hoskins's forces

became weaker every day, he determined to fall back to the north bank of Cumberland river, which he did, after remaining at Albany nearly two weeks. Colonel Wolford, with two companies of cavalry, arrived at Albany two days before Colonel Hoskins abandoned his camp; but, as he had instructions to return to Camp Dick Robinson within a certain time, could render Colonel Hoskins little assistance. He however concluded to bring on a fight before he returned, if the enemy was in striking distance. He marched to the Tennessee line, and ascertaining that the enemy were not within six hours' ride, concluded to return. While on this expedition, Captain Morrison was riding in the rear of our forces, and was attacked by a party who fired upon him several times. He returned the fire with such promptness and precision that they broke and fled, leaving him "master of the situation."

There were two things connected with this campaign worthy of notice. 1. The citizens of this section were loyal, and willing to repel the invasion of their State, although they were not in any army. 2. Captain Morrison's company of the 1st regiment of Kentucky cavalry were the first Union troops on the soil of Tennessee after the commencement of the rebellion; and this, the first expedition to that State, was entirely successful. Colonel Hoskins and Captain Morrison, and their brave troops, are entitled to the honor of winning the first victory gained by Union troops in Tennessee.

Colonel Hoskins had been commissioned as colonel, and authorized to raise a regiment of volunteers just before his departure to Albany. After his return he established a camp on the Cumberland river, near Somerset, and was soon at the head of a fine body of troops.

I returned to Camp Dick Robinson, where the cavalry remained a few days. Word came to General Thomas, who had been in command at this camp since 15th September, that General Zollicoffer was advancing upon Camp Wildcat, and would crush Colonel Garrard unless he received assistance without delay. The 33d Indiana and the 14th and 17th Ohio regiments, which had arrived only a few days before, received orders to march without delay to Camp Wildcat. On the next day the two Tennessee regiments also received orders to march. The departure of these patriotic Tennesseans in the direction of their homes has already been described. In a few days the 3d Kentucky regiment likewise marched in the same direction, and on Saturday, the 19th of October, was followed by Colonel Wolford, at the head of a portion of his regiment, without tents or camp equipage of any kind, except two or three wagons loaded with provisions. General Albin Schoepf had just arrived at Camp Dick Robinson, and received orders to take command of the forces at Camp Wildcat. So he set out with Colonel Wolford's cavalry. We travelled until about ten o'clock p. m., when we halted, dismounted, and turned in for the remain-

der of the night. Many lay down upon the cold ground without any fire or covering except one blanket; others built fires before attempting to sleep. General Schoepf busied himself in collecting old stumps and assisting in building a fire; after which he spread his blanket before the fire, and was soon asleep. Early in the morning we were again on the march—halted and took breakfast (a cracker and a slice of bacon) about nine o'clock—resumed the march, and reached Camp Wildcat Sunday evening, about the same time that the Indiana and Ohio regiments arrived. Throughout the day reports reached us that General Zollicoffer had attacked Garrard, and that they were fighting. One lady came out to the road, greatly excited, saying that they were engaged, and that it was a great shame to leave so gallant a regiment as Garrard's alone to be cut to pieces; that if she had a musket she would go herself to their assistance. The ladies of Mount Vernon waved their handkerchiefs at us, but expressed doubts as to our success. Colonel Wolford said, "Ladies, we are going to have a fight *certain*, and just as sure as the sun rises to-morrow morning we will be victorious: for God is on our side."

When we arrived at camp no attack had been made, though one had been expected for two or three days, and skirmishing had been going on meanwhile. A portion of the cavalry remained during the night in the face of the enemy. On Monday morning an attack was expected. All

were on the alert; several hours passed away, yet no attack was made, and it was concluded that none would be made that day. The cavalry retired to the rear to get breakfast and feed their horses. The men had just commenced broiling their bacon, when word came that the enemy was advancing. Colonel Welford was ordered to march to the hill, about three fourths of a mile from the main body, with his men dismounted, and assist Colonel Colburn to hold the hill at all hazards. We had not been in position long before two regiments of rebel troops advanced against us. About three hundred and fifty of the 33d Indiana regiment and three hundred and fifty of the cavalry were the only forces to repel this attack. But nobly did the Kentuckians and Indianians stand to their post. The latter were trained troops, and fired volleys in quick succession. The Kentuckians were not so well drilled, but made "pretty music" with their rifles. This was something more than the rebels expected, who were not looking for such determined resistance; they broke and fled in confusion, leaving a large number of dead upon the field and a portion of their wounded. Our loss was small. In the evening the rebels made an attack upon the right wing, under command of Colonel Garrard, but were repulsed with considerable loss. During the night General Zollicoffer retreated in the direction of London.

While the battle was in progress Colonel Welford walked along the lines, perfectly cool and self-

possessed, encouraging his men. Captain Alexander, of the cavalry, distinguished himself for coolness and bravery. Captain Faulkner, with a squadron of Home Guards, joined the cavalry, and rendered good service. Colonel Colburn (now brigadier-general) commanded the Indianians. General Schoepf received considerable praise for good generalship in the selection of points of defence and the wise distribution of his troops, although he had only reached the camp the evening before. On Sunday, before any reënforcements arrived, General Zollicoffer sent a spy into the Union camp, who, after visiting and examining the camp, returned and reported no troops there, except one regiment. General Zollicoffer, therefore, was greatly surprised, when he made the attack, to find such determined resistance and so many troops. He whipped the spy nearly to death; but the poor fellow had told the truth, as there was only one regiment in camp at the time he left. It was reported that General Zollicoffer said that Colonel Garrard had the largest regiment he ever had anything to do with. The cavalry reconnoitered and watched the enemy for the two following days, when they returned to Camp Dick Robinson. They had been in active service for two months and a half, without being completely organized, or even mustered into the United States service. They were not regularly mustered in until the 28th of October, 1861. The following is a list of the officers:

Frank. Welford, Colonel. John W. Letcher, Lieut.-Colonel. Francis M. Helveti, 1st Major. John A. Brents, 2d Major. William A. Coffey, 3d Major. J. A. Brady, Surgeon. J. C. Riffe, Assistant Surgeon. B. D. Owens, Hospital Steward. Silas Adams, Quartermaster. W. D. Carpenter, Quartermaster Sergeant. W. H. Honnell, Chaplain. George W. Drye, Adjutant. Clinton Hocker, Commissary Sergeant.

*Company A.*—George W. Sweeny, Captain. Silas Adams, 1st Lieutenant. F. M. Welford, 2d Lieutenant.

*Company B.*—William Rains, Captain. George W. Drye, 1st Lieutenant. Stephen Coppage, 2d Lieutenant.

*Company C.*—John A. Morrison, Captain. J. P. Miller, 1st Lieutenant. William Perkins, 2d Lieutenant.

*Company D.*—George Coppage, Captain. Richard Vandike, 1st Lieutenant. Samuel M. Boone, 2d Lieutenant.

*Company E.*—Boston Dillon, Captain. ——— Dillon, 1st Lieutenant. William P. Ballard, 2d Lieutenant.

*Company F.*—J. W. Jenkins, Captain. George C. Jenkins, 1st Lieutenant. Claiborne Blane, 2d Lieutenant.

*Company G.*—Thornton F. Hackley, Captain. J. D. Burton, 1st Lieutenant. Henry S. Robson, 2d Lieutenant.

*Company H.*—Frank. N. Alexander, Captain.

Charles W. Huffaker, 1st Lieutenant. James K. Dick, 2d Lieutenant.

*Company I.*—John Smith, Captain, — Mays, 1st Lieutenant. James S. Pankey, 2d Lieutenant.

*Company J.*—Jesse M. Carter, Captain. — Keene, 1st Lieutenant. Merideth Martin, 2d Lieutenant.

*Company K.*—Nelson Burress, Captain. — —, 1st Lieutenant. — Hill, 2d Lieutenant.

*Company L.*—William N. Owens, Captain. Robert N. Griffin, 1st Lieutenant. — Robinson, 2d Lieutenant.

This was the organization, at that time, of the 1st Regiment of Kentucky cavalry. Several changes have taken place since: Major J. A. Brents resigned, and Captain Wm. N. Owens was appointed in his place. Lieutenant Silas Adams became captain of Company C, and — Blackford quartermaster. Lieutenant Drye became captain of Company B, and Lieutenant Pankey, adjutant. Lieutenant Miller was killed in battle, and Sergeant Carr appointed a lieutenant in Company C. Lieutenant Robson resigned, and W. D. Carpenter was appointed, in Company G. Lieutenant Hill resigned, and Sergeant Roland was appointed, in Company K. Sergeant Lockett was appointed captain of Company L, and Sergeant Fishback appointed a lieutenant. Lieutenant Griffin resigned.

The organization was then complete. The 3d Kentuckians and our regiment were ordered to Waitsboro, on the Cumberland river, south of

Somerset, except two companies of our cavalry ordered to Wildcat. After a few days' march through rain and mud we reached the designated spot. Colonel Hoskins had recruited and organized a splendid regiment at this camp. There were now three regiments here, commanded by three as gallant colonels as were in the field. The rebels had established camps in Fentress and Overton counties, Tenn., and were continually making raids into Kentucky, taking property, arresting citizens, &c. They had been so far north as Monticello. They had two regiments of infantry and perhaps a thousand cavalry, but no artillery. We had two regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and a section of artillery. Our colonels were anxious to move against them. Colonel Welford took a part of his command, and, crossing Cumberland river, proceeded to Monticello, a distance of twenty miles, but too late to meet the rebel cavalry, who had left the day before. He ascertained the position and number of the enemy, and returned to camp. He reported to General Thomas, who was then at Crab Orchard. He also stated our forces, and ability to whip the enemy, and thereby protect a loyal people, and requested permission to move against them. In a few days he received an order from General Thomas, which permitted him to proceed as far as Old Monroe, Tenn., and disperse the enemy, provided he could do so without falling into an ambush or endangering his own command. Colonel Bramlette being the senior colonel, the order was

shown him. Colonel Bramlette remarked, "It is an order for us all to go." Preparations were immediately commenced for the expedition. Colonel Wolford was soon on the road with his command. He proceeded to Monticello, and there halted until the infantry could come up. Captain Alexander moved nearly due south with his company to the State line; Captain Morrison proceeded to Albany, and drove the rebel advance back into Tennessee. These companies returned to Monticello the following day and reported. The entire command was in the best humor and impatient. The infantry was well on the way. Preparations were being made for a further move, when an order came from General Thomas with an order for the entire command to return. All were disappointed and discouraged. The prospect of a fight and a brilliant victory was destroyed by a few lines from General Thomas. Colonel Bramlette was in a rage for a short time. The command returned to Waitsboro, where we remained a few days, when Colonels Bramlette and Wolford were ordered to the relief of Colonel Haggard, of the 5th Kentucky, who was stationed at Columbia, Ky. Colonel Haggard had reported that a rebel force was marching against him. We again struck tents and were off in a new direction. After three days' march we arrived at Columbia. The enemy, I suppose, ascertained that reënforcements had arrived, and made no attack. In a few days General Boyle arrived with two Ohio regiments; but before his arrival, word came that

the enemy had been encouraged by our backward move from Monticello, and were marching against Colonel Hoskins at Waitsboro; General Zollicoffer, with his entire command, had joined them; and unless Colonel Hoskins was instantly relieved, he would be overwhelmed. Colonel Wolford was anxious to do all in his power to relieve him, and assist in a retreat if necessary. He took two hundred men and started for Colonel Hoskins's camp, having to pass Logan's Fields, where it was very likely he would find the enemy in force. We started about ten o'clock A. M., and rode the whole day, not stopping till after dark. It rained the entire day. We bivouacked for the night, and next morning started again, not having heard a word from Colonel Hoskins or the enemy. It was still raining. We passed Logan's Fields (where the battle of Mill Springs was fought), but saw no enemy. Moving on, we thought perhaps we might meet a rebel force at Fishing Creek. The citizens on the road told us that we could not cross the creek—that it would swim our horses. We pushed on to the creek, however, finding no enemy. The stream was over the banks, and more like a river than a creek. No delay could be made: if we waited ten minutes, it was certain that we could not cross. It was still raining in torrents, and the creek rising rapidly. We rushed into the boisterous stream, the water nearly reaching the backs of the horses, and swam the low horses; reached the opposite bank, and with a yell announced our re-

lief. We were soon in the streets of Somerset, and, although it was still raining heavily, the men rushed out to welcome us ; the women came to the windows, the doors, and on the sidewalks, waving their handkerchiefs. We had no time to lose in Somerset, so we marched forward till we reached Colonel Hoskins's camp, where we met with a hearty welcome.

Colonel Hoskins, with a force of about eight hundred men, had been besieged about a week by from three to six thousand rebels. His command was almost exhausted. They were compelled to guard two ferries nearly opposite his camp, one above, and another at Mill Springs, a considerable distance below. The rebels threatened him in front and at Mill Springs. They were compelled to watch the river day and night. If they remained, they were threatened with immediate destruction ; if they attempted to retreat, the enemy would rush across the river and attack them before they could make their escape : so they determined to remain, and make the best they could of an exceedingly bad case. Never was reënforcement more welcome or more needed. We relieved Colonel Hoskins' force somewhat by guarding the ferries and roads, and presented a bolder front to the enemy. In a few days General Schœpf arrived with reënforcements, and our cavalry again returned to Columbia. No troops since the commencement of the war were in greater danger, or endured more, than Colonel Hoskins's command, without any loss or a battle. Our march

from Columbia was as hazardous and severe as any made by the cavalry since its first service, and attended with as much excitement.

After our return to Columbia we met the paymaster for the first time since we entered the service. He was a most welcome visitor. After the regiment was paid, an order was received by Colonel Wolford to proceed or send Lieutenant-Colonel Letecher, with six companies, to northeastern Kentucky, and report to Colonel Garfield; the other companies to go to William Williams's, on Green river, opposite Neatsville, form an encampment, and watch the movements of the enemy in the direction of Mill Springs. Lieutenant-Colonel Letecher, with the six companies, proceeded to their destination. Here I lose sight of them until April, 1862, when they joined Colonel Wolford at Glasgow, as I went with Colonel Wolford and the four companies to Green river. This division of the regiment was about December 4, 1861. We remained on Green river until about January 10th, when we moved to Webb's Cross Roads, much nearer the enemy, and there remained until General Thomas arrived with a considerable force moving to attack General Zollicoffer at Mill Springs.

We had not been idle while on Green river. We were continually scouting and skirmishing with the enemy in the direction of Mill Springs and Rowena, on the Cumberland river. We had to be very watchful, as we could not expect support or assistance in case of an attack upon our camp, and the rebels were only twenty miles from us, with a large

force of cavalry. After the arrival of General Thomas we proceeded to Logan's Fields, in advance of his army. Our four companies composed the only cavalry under General Thomas's command. The march from Columbia to Logan's Fields by General Thomas's forces was an extraordinary one. It was the middle of winter. The march had to be made over a dirt road in a swampy country. The wagons would sink almost to the axle; they stuck nearly every hundred yards, and an hour or so was consumed in extricating them. The army made but from four to ten miles a day. Our cavalry and the 10th Indiana infantry finally reached Logan's Fields on the 16th of January; the other forces extended back perhaps fifteen miles. The 4th Kentucky was about one mile in our rear; the 9th Ohio and 2d Minnesota, commanded by Colonel McCook, about one mile and a half. General Thomas established his headquarters with Colonel McCook. The 12th Kentucky (Colonel Hoskins) and the 1st and 2d Tennessee arrived from Somerset the next day, encamping near General Thomas's headquarters. No movement was made by the troops in front on the 17th and 18th, except scouting by the cavalry; the rear was closing up. On the morning of the 19th, at daylight, our pickets were attacked by the rebel cavalry. Twenty of our cavalry were sent immediately to reënforce them. On their arrival the rebel cavalry had retired, and our pickets were confronted by a regiment of infantry, whom they met and kept in check until the arrival of other forces. Our cavalry, as soon as they could

prepare their horses and mount, moved to the scene of action, and arrived about the same time as the 10th Indiana, who formed across the road, the right in a woods, and the left extending into an old field. As our cavalry could do nothing as cavalry, and Colonel Wolford was determined to be in the fight, he ordered his men to retire a short distance, dismount, form on foot, and march to the left of the Indiana regiment, which they did just as the attack was made upon that regiment. Here our cavalry and the Indianians stood shoulder to shoulder, and fought the entire rebel force for about one hour, when our forces were compelled to retire. Our cavalry had rendered good service on the left by preventing a flank movement. Here Lieutenant J. P. Miller, of Company C, fell at the head of his company; he was a brave young man. Other gallant spirits of our cavalry fell on this memorable field.

Our forces had not retired far when they met the 4th Kentucky, commanded by Colonel Fry. A new line of battle was formed, the left wing resting behind the fence and in a skirt of timber. This was a better position than the first, as our men were under cover, and the enemy had to advance through the old field. The conflict was again renewed, and continued perhaps an hour or more, when the 9th Ohio and 2d Minnesota, commanded by Colonel McCook, arrived, and after pouring several heavy volleys into the enemy's ranks, made as gallant a charge as was ever witnessed. The enemy could not stand it, but broke and fled in great confusion.

toward their works at Mill Springs, pursued by our victorious troops. The 10th and 12th Kentucky, the 1st and 2d Tennessee, and 14th Ohio arrived too late to be engaged in the fight, but joined in the pursuit. General Thomas followed them to their works, reaching Mill Springs late in the evening, a distance of six miles from the battle ground. Several pieces of artillery were planted, and the enemy's works shelled till after dark. Early next morning an advance was made, but the enemy had retired across the river during the night, in a steamboat that came up the river from Nashville, destroying it as soon as our forces commenced moving in the morning. They did not have time to save anything; they left artillery, wagons, tents, camp equipage, trunks, and everything except their small arms and four pieces of artillery; the victory was complete. Four regiments and four companies, and a few pieces of artillery, had completely routed eight regiments of the enemy. The rebels lost two killed, many wounded, and a large number of prisoners; our loss was forty killed and over one hundred wounded. Both officers and privates did their duty. All stood to their posts, notwithstanding the rain descended in torrents during the whole battle. The rebels did not cease their flight till they reached Gainsboro, Tenn.

I will here introduce a letter written to Colonel Wofford a short time after the battle of Mill Springs, as expressive of my feelings at that time, and also as showing the condition of part of the country:

“LIBERTY, KY., *Feb. 5th*, 1862.

“Colonel FRANK WOLFORD, commanding 1st Kentucky Cavalry.

“DEAR SIR: Last June, Clinton county had nine hundred voters, nearly all of whom were loyal to the Union. In July last, two companies were raised in Clinton for the United States service: a company for Colonel Wolford's cavalry, then commanded by me, now by Captain John A. Morrison, and a company for Colonel Bramlette's regiment, commanded by Captain H. S. Taylor. Two other companies in Colonel Hoskins (12th Kentucky) were almost entirely raised in Clinton, viz., Captains Frogge and Rousseau's. Part of another company in said regiment is from Clinton, viz., Captain Veach's. There are a great many Clinton county men in Colonel Haggard's regiment of cavalry; so that Clinton county has about five hundred troops in the army. After deducting the disunion element, nearly all the able-bodied men of the county are in their country's service. They have left wife and children, father and mother, brother and sister, their homes and property, and taken up arms in defence of our common country. The rebels invaded the county, oppressed her citizens at home, put them in fear, abused them, murdered several, and stole their property. Still her citizens in the army submitted to it quietly for the good of the cause. But, now the rebels have been whipped and routed and driven back, except a small number of thieves, who are now hanging upon the border, threatening de-

struction and extermination to everybody, why cannot a force be sent to the border sufficient to protect that country, and stand between the rebels and the families of those in their country's service, who are bound to suffer greatly if not protected? Wayne county is in about the same condition. Are a loyal people to be left unprotected, and to be plundered and murdered by two or three hundred thieves after the main army has been routed and driven from this part of Kentucky, when fifteen or twenty thousand troops are within thirty or thirty-five miles?

"As a citizen of Clinton county, who has suffered at the hands of the rebels, I humbly and earnestly ask that one or two regiments, if not more, be sent to the border, so as to render protection to as loyal people as ever lived.

"I desire this letter to be forwarded to General Thomas, and through him to General Buell.

"Your humble servant,

"J. A. BRENTS,

"*Major 1st Kentucky Cavalry.*"

After the battle of Logan's Fields, or Mill Springs, the four companies with Colonel Wolford, and the two companies under Major Coffey at Somerset, Ky., were ordered to Bardstown to rest and recruit the horses, as they had been in active service for six months, with but little rest, and most of the time in the face of the enemy. Bardstown is an old town, forty miles south of Louis-

ville. The Catholics are quite numerous in the county (Nelson). Many of the citizens we found to be loyal and kind to the soldiers; but many, perhaps a majority, were rebels, and very stubborn and sour. They did not attempt to conceal their feelings; they denied being secessionists, and called themselves the Southern rights party. Colonel W. H. Lytle was in command of the post. We found him to be a fine gentleman and good officer. The 4th Kentucky cavalry was at this post. I became acquainted with several of the officers, whom I found to be clever gentlemen. Colonel Bayles, the commander, I found to be an exceedingly kind man. After remaining here about six weeks, we marched down the old Louisville and Nashville turnpike to Glasgow, where we again halted. No troops were here; and the cavalry had been ordered here for the purpose of protecting this part of the State from the raids of guerillas. As at Bardstown, we found many loyal citizens, who were kind and hospitable. We also found many secessionists, or men of the Southern rights party; and if a fair vote had been taken in the county (Barren), I think it very likely a majority of the citizens would have voted to go with the seceding States. The State of Kentucky is loyal, but many secessionists are to be found, especially in and about Lexington. The Lexington Congressional District is nearly divided. William E. Simms opposed John J. Crittenden for Congress in this district, and received a large vote. This condition of affairs was caused by the popu-

larity of John C. Breckinridge, William E. Simms, James B. Clay, and Roger Hanson, all of whom reside in the district. Bardstown and Glasgow are secession towns; so also is the first Congressional District, in the southern part of the State. Henry C. Burnett is responsible for this. Then there is a scattering secession population in the other wealthy counties of the State.

While at Glasgow, Colonel Wolford was joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Letcher and the other six companies of the regiment. While here Colonel Wolford made two expeditions to Jackson county, Tenn., in search of the notorious guerilla chief, Captain Hamilton, but could not find him. Major Brents and Captain Morrison, with twelve men, visited Clinton county, and came very near falling in with Champ Ferguson; but he had left for Tennessee just in time to prevent a collision.

After remaining at Glasgow about — weeks, Colonel Wolford received orders to send the regiment direct to Nashville, Tenn., except four companies, with which he was to proceed to Nashville via Livingston, Cooksville, &c., and capture or disperse all the guerilla and rebel companies on his route. The officer who issued this order certainly did not understand the nature of the country and the strength of the rebel forces on the route. If he had, it seems to me that he would not have sent so small a force into a hostile country, without any support to rely upon, and no way to retreat. They were to march a distance of two hundred and fifty

miles, without knowing the country or the number of forces they would have to meet. The officer ordering this expedition probably knew Colonel Wolford, and was satisfied that he could do all that was possible to be done. It was known with certainty that Champ Ferguson, Captains Bledsoe, McHenry, and Hamilton, with their forces, were not far from Livingston, numbering perhaps five hundred, but it was not known what other forces were in that section. It was also known that the citizens were hostile, and would assist the rebel troops in every way possible.

Colonel Wolford was not the man to flinch from any duty imposed upon him. He directed Lieutenant-Colonel Letcher to take eight companies of the regiment and proceed to Nashville; and as he did not wish to be encumbered with wagons and baggage, he directed Lieutenant-Colonel Letcher to take charge of the entire camp equipage. Colonel Wolford then took command of the four companies, and started on the hazardous expedition. Being satisfied that it would be a very interesting and excitable adventure, I preferred to be with it, to which Colonel Wolford consented. An account of this Tennessee campaign will be given in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

## A CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE.

BEFORE starting, Colonel Wolford ordered that each man should have his arms placed in the best order, and procure one hundred rounds of ammunition. The four companies were composed of three hundred and twenty-five men, including officers. On the —— day of April, 1862, we left Glasgow, and on the second day of our march we crossed the Cumberland river at Burksville, and arrived at Albany on the third day. We here ascertained that three rebel companies had just left and gone to Tennessee, with a large amount of property that they had taken from the citizens. They had also murdered several citizens. The recent rains had so swollen Wolf and Obey's rivers that we could not cross them; so we remained at Albany nearly a week. It was very fortunate for the rebels that they got into Tennessee before the rise of these rivers. With the two forces so near together, between these rivers and the Cumberland, and no line of retreat, a collision would have occurred, which would have resulted in destruction of one of the parties.

On the 24th day of April, Colonel Wolford's little

band started from Albany. It was not long before we had crossed the State line and were in the north-eastern portion of Overton county, Tenn. After travelling a short distance, three officers rode to the fence in front of a house, and asked for water. A young lady brought us some, which was drunk eagerly by all. Being asked about the movement of the rebel troops, she said that a few days before our arrival a squad of rebels had called at their house and demanded all the arms on the place. She informed them that she had a musket, but that they would not get it. They advanced toward her to take it. She presented it at them, and told them that the first man who attempted to take it would certainly die. They believed her to be in earnest, and would keep her word if they made any further demonstrations; so they went away without it. Expressing a wish to see her musket, she went into the house and brought it out, and went through the manual of arms as well as a soldier. Her name is Zachary.

We crossed Wolf river near J. D. Hale's residence. The house was closed and the mill idle; everything presented a desolate appearance. The most picturesque scene I ever witnessed was at the crossing of Obey's river. About half a mile from the river, on the north side, the road makes a precipitate descent into the river bottom. I stood upon the brink of the hill at this point, and took a view of the surrounding country. There lay the beautiful river at my feet, and a vast plain upon the

opposite side, perhaps three miles in width, while a range of hills is presented to the view. Just beyond this range is another, then a third one, and so on to the farther range, which is of great height. These hills approached the river both to the right and left, thus forming a basin. The timber, which was very heavy upon them, was just getting green; the warm spring days had pushed out the buds and leaves.

The soldiers marched down to the river, and, with the waving of hats and banners, rushed into the foaming water, which was nearly over the backs of our horses. It was necessary to march down the stream one hundred yards, and then make a turn and march up-stream two hundred yards before effecting a landing. Thus nearly all our little band was in the stream at the same time. It was a beautiful scene. I am no poet, nor have I imagination enough to describe the scene as I would wish; yet I have given the outlines, from which a highly-wrought fancy can form a beautiful picture.

We continued our march, without any interruption or remarkable occurrence, until we were within a mile of Livingston, when Lieutenant Adams and Sergeant Carpenter fell in with a rebel lieutenant, and gave him such a close chase that he abandoned his horse and made his escape into the woods. They captured his horse, however, with good equipage. We then proceeded until we came in sight of Livingston, and then halted. Two squads were sent in advance, and directed to march into the town by dif-

ferent streets, the main body following at a slow gait. It was near sunset; the clouds were dark, and the evening gloomy. It was not long before we heard the crack of rifles in front. The soldiers gave a yell, and all galloped to the assistance of their comrades; all were sure of a fight. At this moment the rain commenced falling, and in a few moments it was pouring down in torrents. When we reached the centre of the town we found our comrades, who had captured several prisoners and driven others into houses. We captured eight rebel soldiers; they were the picket of Captain McHenry's company—an unexpected turn in affairs, both for the picket and citizens, the latter of whom ran in every direction, the men concealing themselves, and the women and children screaming. The women "didn't want their houses burnt;" some "didn't want their children hurt;" others "didn't want their husbands killed or carried off," as they had done nothing. They were assured that we professed to be gentlemen, and that we would not interfere with private property or citizens. Quiet was finally restored. It was now dark, and still raining. We started in search of Captain McHenry's company. We had not gone far before we met a rebel colonel and senator, whom we arrested and kept a day, and released upon their parole, which I have since heard they violated. We then proceeded about two miles from Livingston. It was very dark, and raining. Our guide did not know exactly where we would find McHenry, and we had travelled thirty-five

miles during the day, and all were wet; so we returned to town and procured something for the horses to eat, and made our suppers on cooked meat and bread that we had brought along in our haversacks. We took lodging in the court house and adjoining houses. Thus ended our first day in Tennessee.

We were up early next morning, and, after getting breakfast and feeding our horses, started again. It was such a stormy night, and our pickets were so well posted, that McHenry had not heard of our approach. His men were considerably scattered; but we soon started several of them. The boys were eager for fun. The rebels fled before us wherever we went. The chase was kept up during the entire day, but Captain McHenry and a portion of his men succeeded in making their escape to the mountains. Sometimes ten or fifteen of our boys would be after one or two rebels, and again two or three would chase ten or fifteen. Wherever one made his appearance, the rebels thought all were coming; and our movements were so rapid that they could not tell how many men we had, some even supposing we were a thousand strong.

One company followed a portion of the rebel forces to Cookesville. It was here that they came up with Champ. Ferguson, an account of which affair is given elsewhere. Night put a stop to the chase, previous to which we had captured about thirty rebel soldiers, including a lieutenant named

Goodbar. Some very rich scenes occurred during the day. One fellow created much merriment by having "Jeff Davis" in large capitals worked in the browband of his bridle; but, as he proved himself a citizen, our kind Colonel liberated him the next morning. Some of the men discharged their guns for the purpose of cleaning them. A citizen in the neighborhood, hearing the noise, seized his gun, mounted his horse, and was making for our camp, when he was arrested by some of the men out on the road, who asked him where he was going. He said that he heard the report of guns, and supposed our camp was attacked; and, as one of the Home Guards of the county, was coming to join the forces against us. He was taken along with the other prisoners.

We marched this day through Cookesville to Gainsboro, a distance of about fifty miles. We caught several rebel soldiers, among them two notorious characters named Goggin and McWhorter. We reached Gainsboro after dark, and found many frightened women, but few men. Captain Hamilton and company had been here all day, but hearing that we were on the way, had just left for the hills. They were all secessionists here, and without any accommodations; it was a very difficult matter to get anything to eat for men and horses. Next morning we started for Nashville, which place we reached April 30th, 1862, without meeting any rebel force. We lost only one man on this expedition, who was shot by a comrade acci-

dentially. We captured about fifty soldiers, took twenty of them to Nashville, and released the others on parole.

Citizens at home, in their comfortable houses, and with bountiful tables to sit down to three times a day, know very little about the trials of a soldier. On this expedition we travelled from thirty to sixty miles each day, eating only twice, and then but a scant supply of meat and bread. Some days we partook of food but once, going twenty-four hours without anything; and at night we had to sleep in the open air, with barely one blanket besides our common apparel.

I will here copy from a letter that I wrote home while at Nashville, which gives a more detailed account of this and other expeditions.

“NASHVILLE, TENN., *May 18th*, 1862.

“ \* \* \* From Louisville I proceeded to Bowling Green, Ky. The rebels kept a force here last fall and a part of the winter. Devastation appears to follow the rebel army wherever they go. A large number of buildings had been destroyed by fire. The fine railroad bridge across Barren river also had been ruined by them, as well as the turnpike bridge. There was at all hours a very disagreeable odor arising from the decay of horses and other animals which had been left near the city. The rebels had buried a large number of their dead here—perhaps three thousand. They had performed considerable labor in fortifying the place,

but their works were not as strong as generally represented, and could have been taken by a good general without much difficulty.

“After staying here one day and night, I returned to Munfordsville, a small village on Green river. The rebels had destroyed another fine railroad bridge, also the turnpike bridge. I then proceeded to Glasgow, where I found my regiment. From Glasgow I went with Colonel Wolford and a portion of the regiment to Celina, on the south side of Cumberland river. The rebel troops had all left. The citizens had very little to say, but we soon ascertained that they were hostile. From Celina I went with Captain Morrison and twelve men to Albany on a reconnoitring expedition. Champ Ferguson and a considerable rebel force had just left, in the direction of Overton county, with a large amount of property taken from the citizens. They had murdered several in the most brutal manner, which you have perhaps heard of before this.

“We remained in the county three days, although Ferguson was expected to return every moment. We then returned to Glasgow, which place we left again in a few days. The main body of the regiment went direct to Nashville. Colonel Wolford and three hundred and twenty-five men went to Albany, where we remained nearly a week, Wolf and Obey’s rivers being so much swollen that we could not cross them. After a week’s delay we were again on the march for

'Dixie's Land,' passing through Livingston, Cookeville, and Gainsboro. In this scout we captured fifty rebel soldiers, and chased two or three hundred more into the mountains. It was a most lively and interesting time. I never saw any one so frightened in my life as the rebels, nor any so anxious for a chase as our boys. Besides prisoners, we got horses and equipage, guns, pistols, sabres, swords, ammunition, &c. From Gainsboro we proceeded to Nashville, where we arrived the 30th of April, on the way passing through the towns of Granville, New Middleton, Lebanon, and some smaller ones.

"From Nashville the entire regiment moved to Murfreesboro, where we remained a few days, and then proceeded to Lebanon, where we surprised the notorious Colonel John Morgan, and captured about one hundred and sixty of his men, including Lieutenant-Colonel Wood and several captains and lieutenants. Morgan's loss in killed and wounded is not known by me, but must have been heavy, as the battle raged fiercely for some time. Our loss in killed was about ten. Colonel Wolford was severely wounded in this engagement. Never did troops fight better than Colonel Wolford and his command. You will see the particulars in the papers.

"The second day after the fight we returned to Murfreesboro. We afterward proceeded to Rogersville, Ala., through Shelbyville and Pulaski, Tenn., leaving our wagons and camp equipage at Shelbyville, and a part of the regiment. From

Rogersville I went with two hundred of our men to Columbia, Tenn., as a guard to a wagon train. There I left the men in command of Captain Jenkins who returned with the wagon train. I came here to-day, and expect to leave to-morrow, as I am ordered to Shelbyville to take command of the portion of our regiment at that point. So you see I have travelled a great distance since I saw you. The most of this time we were without wagons, tents, or cooking utensils. We rested very little during this time, sometimes travelling all night, and often from forty to sixty miles in twenty-four hours. We have had a rough time—men and horses are exhausted.

“I must say something about the people and the country through which we passed. Glasgow is a pretty town: the Union people are very clever. There are many disunionists in the county. The people of Overton county are rebels, except those of the northeastern portion of the county. Gainsboro is the worst hole in Tennessee or anywhere else. The people are actually mean; they said they had no corn, bacon, or anything for starving men and horses; but our quartermaster found plenty of food, and we soon relieved our appetites. I never want to see the place again. I met with only two or three clever people in the town.

“From Albany to Granville we passed through a very rough country; but from Granville to Nashville the land is mostly level and quite rich. It is a pretty country. Many of the citizens are wealthy.

The farmers were preparing to put in large crops, and appeared to be very industrious. The citizens in Tennessee on this route are disunionists, except at New Middleton, and about ten miles around the town, where they are principally loyal. They were delighted to see us. They would have Colonel Wolford stop and make them a speech, which he did in good style, giving them great satisfaction. They said it was the first time they had heard the truth for a whole year.

“We stopped at the Hermitage and visited the tomb of the great Jackson. Our little band dismounted, and in double file marched around the tomb. It was a solemn scene, and made a strong impression upon all. Mr. Jackson, the proprietor, was not at home, having gone farther south upon the approach of the Union troops. We were waited upon by an old negro who had been one of General Jackson’s attendants. The Hermitage is a beautiful place, ten miles from Nashville.

“There are not many Union citizens in Nashville. It cannot be called a handsome city, nor is it as large as Louisville. The capitol at Nashville is one of the finest buildings in America.

“Murfreesboro is a pretty town, in a rich and wealthy country. The citizens are all disunionists, with very few exceptions, and are quite bitter. As we marched through the streets, the women appeared at the doors and windows and waved their handkerchiefs to the prisoners we were convoying, and many sent them bouquets. They had prepared to make a demonstration upon this occasion.

“Lebanon is a neat place, and the inhabitants generally disunionists, but we found several kind and loyal citizens. Ex-Governor Campbell, Jordan Stokes, and other prominent Unionists reside here.

“Shelbyville is a beautiful place. A majority of the citizens of the town and county are loyal, and very kind to Union soldiers. At a little town below Shelbyville, called Farmington, we found a Union population. The women shouted and rejoiced as though they had been at a camp meeting.

“Pulaski is another pleasant town, the inhabitants mostly disunionists. The country from Nashville to Pulaski is rich and the citizens wealthy; but a few miles beyond Pulaski, toward Rogersville, the country is the poorest I ever saw. The road from Pulaski to Columbia is through a rich country. The latter is a good town, and a strong Union sentiment prevails. Major Wm. H. Polk, a loyal citizen, resides here. The people generally appear willing to feed the Union soldiers, but charge fifty cents a meal, and the same for lodging for one night, which is often paid by officers when marching without wagons or camp equipage. The people of Middle Tennessee appear to have plenty, but in North Alabama provisions are scarce. Some citizens had very little to eat, and even that was taken by some mean soldiers.

“I will give an estimate of the distances travelled by us. This estimate may not be exactly correct, as we did not travel the direct roads; ten miles

may therefore be added to every thirty, to make the actual distance travelled.

“From Glasgow to Albany, 50 miles, Albany to Livingston 30, Livingston to Cookeville 25, Cookeville to Gainesboro 25, Gainesboro to Granville 30, Granville to Lebanon 30, Lebanon to Nashville 30; in all, 220 miles. From Nashville to Murfreesboro 30 miles, Murfreesboro to Lebanon and back again 60, Murfreesboro to Shelbyville 25, Shelbyville to Pulaski 55, Pulaski to Rogersville 30, Rogersville to Columbia 60, Columbia to Nashville 45; total distance 525 miles. Add (for indirect routes) 175 miles, and the whole distance travelled is 700 miles, which was accomplished in thirty-five days. We fought one battle, and had nearly a dozen skirmishes; captured two hundred soldiers and perhaps three hundred horses, with guns, pistols, sabres, swords, &c., sustaining a loss of about twenty men killed and wounded. Such has been our campaign since I saw you.”

The foregoing letter, together with what is given in the beginning of this chapter, is all that I desire to say concerning this expedition, except a notice of the battle at Lebanon between the Union forces under command of General Dumont and the rebels under command of the notorious Colonel John Morgan, on the 5th of May, 1862, and to relate an incident which occurred between Pulaski and Rogersville. I can say nothing concerning the battle at Lebanon so well and so accurately as is furnished by General Dumont's official report, which I here introduce:

## OFFICIAL REPORT OF GENERAL DUMONT.

“HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES, }  
“NASHVILLE, *May 15th*, 1862. }

“*Colonel James B. Fry, A. A. G. :*

“I now, in pursuance of your directions, have the honor to submit to you a more detailed report of the expedition resulting in the defeat of the enemy under Colonel John Morgan, at Lebanon, Tenn., on the morning of May 5th, 1862.

“On Friday night, May 2d, 1862, at midnight, I received a despatch sent by Brigadier-General Negley from Columbia, Tenn., informing me that on that day, Morgan, at the head of two thousand men, had, at Pulaski, Tenn., captured 280 convalescents of General Mitchell’s command, and was then attacking General Mitchell’s wagon train, south of Pulaski, and asking me to send reënforcements. Upon glancing over the map I was satisfied that I could not get troops to Pulaski in time to participate in anything to be done there, but that I might stand a chance to intercept the enemy by pushing with all speed by railway to Shelbyville, and thence in pursuit, shaping my course by the route of the enemy. I immediately telegraphed to Colonel Duffield at Murfreesboro to hold 1,000 infantry in readiness to move by rail by the time of my arrival; that I would be there with the cars to transport them before morning. One hour afterward I was on my way with the train, accompanied by a guard of thirty men from the 51st Ohio regi-

ment, Colonel Stanley Matthews, whom I consulted as to the course best to be pursued, and who rendered what I consider judicious and valuable advice and prompt assistance. Upon him I devolved my command at Nashville, during my temporary absence from the city. At six o'clock on Saturday morning, May 3d, I reached Murfreesboro with the train, but, to my mortification, found that my despatch to Colonel Duffield had not been delivered, and that troops were not ready. I went to Colonel Duffield's camp and informed him what I wanted. In the shortest possible time he had the 9th Michigan, Lieutenant-Colonel Parkhurst, and the 8th Kentucky, Colonel Barnes, on board the cars, and with these regiments, Colonel Duffield and myself proceeded forthwith on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad to Wartrace. At Wartrace I posted the 8th Kentucky regiment and the thirty men from Colonel Matthews's regiment, with a view to intercept the enemy, should he attempt to cross the railroad at that place. Having ordered the 4th Kentucky cavalry forward from Wartrace to Shelbyville, with the 9th Michigan, I proceeded to Shelbyville, and there posted it with the same view. At Shelbyville I learned that the enemy had encamped on Friday night near Farmington, which is about halfway between Shelbyville and Pulaski. I reached Shelbyville about 5 o'clock P. M., on Friday, and immediately ordered forward the 38th Indiana regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Merriweather, toward Farmington. As vain as it would seem for

infantry troops to overtake a mounted enemy, I considered it best to have them about, in view of the information which had been given me as to Morgan's strength. Eager for the fray, never did men make a better march than did this regiment on that night, and if it did not finally participate in the engagement, it was simply because a physical impossibility stood in the way. I feel grateful to Lieutenant-Colonel Merriweather and his regiment for the promptness and zeal displayed in joining me in the pursuit of the enemy.

"With some three hundred of the 4th Kentucky cavalry, Colonel G. Clay Smith, I followed the 38th Indiana regiment toward Farmington, not being able to get ready to start as promptly as did Colonel Merriweather. At midnight I halted my command and sent forward scouts to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy, and learned that he had crossed Duck river that morning, making toward Doolittle, on the Shelbyville and Nashville turnpike. With that start it seemed evident that he could not be overtaken with infantry; still, I directed Lieutenant-Colonel Merriweather and Lieutenant-Colonel Ruckstuhl, of the 4th Kentucky cavalry, to follow on his trail. Believing that the enemy intended to pursue an easterly direction and to cross the railroad at some point between Wartrace and Murfreesboro, I, with a detachment of Colonel Smith's 4th Kentucky cavalry, returned to Shelbyville, reaching that place a little before daybreak. I directed Colonel Duffield to again take the cars, with the

9th Michigan, and go to the bridge north of Wartrace, fearing that Morgan would cross at that place before I could intercept him and burn the bridge. I proceeded myself on Sunday morning, after an hour's rest, with Colonel Smith and the detachment from his command, toward Murfreesboro, hoping to intercept Morgan as he crossed the Shelbyville and Murfreesboro pike. Knowing that infantry could no longer aid me, and still supposing the enemy strong, I sent a courier forward to Murfreesboro, with word to Colonel Wynkoop, 7th Pennsylvania cavalry, and Colonel Wolford, 1st Kentucky cavalry, to meet me at 2 o'clock P. M. of Sunday. Wynkoop did meet me with 120 of his men, informing me that Morgan had already crossed the railroad between Murfreesboro and Nashville, tearing up the track, burning cotton, &c., and that Wolford had gone in pursuit. Causing Wynkoop to join me with his 120 men, I hastened forward to Murfreesboro, arrived there at 5 o'clock P. M. of Sunday, fed my horses, and pushed forward toward Lebanon. Colonel Duffield and Lieutenant-Colonel Parkhurst accompanying me.

“I had proceeded from Murfreesboro about eight miles toward Lebanon, when, to my utter amazement, I met Colonel Wolford coming back with his command. He informed me that he had followed the enemy until almost reaching him, when he was overtaken with an order from Murfreesboro to return, on account of an apprehended attack on that town. I ordered him to join me,

which he obeyed with alacrity and gladness, and having now some six hundred troops of the 1st and 4th Kentucky and 7th Pennsylvania cavalry, I pushed toward Lebanon, confident that, after my long, tedious, and discouraging march, I would yet be able to strike the enemy before he could cross the Cumberland and get beyond my reach. At a little after midnight I reached a point within four miles of Lebanon, and learning that Morgan was certainly there, posted a guard to intercept any one that might give him intelligence of my approach, and halted with a view of resting my greatly fatigued men and of striking him at daybreak. A little before the break of day I moved forward at a rapid pace, the detachment from the 7th Pennsylvania, led by Colonel Wynkoop, in advance, followed by Colonel Wolford at the head of the detachment of the 1st Kentucky cavalry. Colonel G. Clay Smith commanded the rear guard, composed of a detachment from the 4th Kentucky cavalry. I directed Wynkoop and Wolford to move at full speed into town by different streets and charge upon the enemy, believing that the benefits resulting to us by his surprise would be of more value than any advantage I could obtain by a different policy. I felt confident that I could whip him if he did not escape, and that all I had to fear was from his heels; that the best way to prevent his escape was to precipitate my main force upon him, strike him hard and fast, and not suffer him to get out of my sight or beyond my

reach. To avoid the risk of this course, I held Colonel Smith's 4th Kentucky momentarily in reserve.

"I hesitated some in pursuing this policy of making a charge without knowing precisely the enemy's position or strength, but am now fully satisfied that his escape would have been inevitable if it had not been adopted, as the roads leading from the town were very numerous, many of them diverging at right angles from the main roads outside of town.

"The enemy, it seems, were in two squadrons, one in charge of Morgan and the other in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, all under command of Morgan. Morgan occupied the college, a large, massive building, on a hill to the right of the road, along which I must enter the town. Wood and his men occupied the public square and the various buildings in and around it, including an immense livery stable and the Odd Fellows' Hall, which were not immediately upon the square.

"To charge upon or approach Morgan at all, it was necessary that the attacking forces should go beyond him into the public square, because there was first a creek, then a stone fence, then a hill, and then a board fence between the road and the college; and to get beyond these obstacles, my whole line was exposed to a fire from Morgan on the right and from Wood in front. The charge was most gallantly made by Colonels Wynkoop and Welford, and seeing that to hold Colonel Smith in reserve was but to expose him to the fire

of Morgan, with no ability to return it effectively, rather than order him to fall back, I directed him to charge also through another street into the public square. A terrible fight ensued; no man flinched. On every side, wherever I looked, determined valor and heroic courage were conspicuous.

"It was as yet hardly light; the rain fell in torrents. The town was illuminated by a sheet of flame and redolent with the unceasing roll of musketry. Morgan did not at this time come down to the square, but maintained his ground on the hill and in the lane to the north of the college, and from thence gave his troops in the town what aid he could by opening upon us an annoying but not a destructive fire. From the fire of the first gun, my troops constantly advanced, gave back not an inch, while the enemy quailed before the valor, wavered before the deadly fire of my men, and finally broke and fled in every direction and in the utmost terror. During the deadly strife, Colonel G. Clay Smith was shot in the leg painfully, but bravely kept the field at the head of his men until the enemy finally fled, and then joined many miles in pursuit.

"Colonel Welford was badly wounded in the abdomen by a pistol shot, and by a desperate charge upon the head of his column, cut off from his command and captured, but subsequently recaptured. He is a brave and determined man, and his troops on this occasion proved themselves worthy of so gallant a leader. After Welford was

wounded and captured, his command devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Letcher, and well, faithfully, and bravely did he take upon himself the responsibility and do his duty. He won credit, and it is pleasant to me to award it.

“The public square being cleared of the enemy, the field being ours in this quarter, I determined now to direct my attention more particularly to Morgan on the hill, who had annoyed us a good deal, and had, up to this time, been engaged by but a small part of my command.

“Inspired by the success that we had already achieved, my gallant troops had no sooner received my command than they engaged Morgan closely, and came down upon him with a jar. Their fire was so well directed and soon became so hot that he gave way in good order and led us a chase through many of the streets and alleys of the town, thinking he would be able to dodge us and make his escape on a road unobserved. To this end he made many attempts to decoy me after small parties, that would approach us, fire into us, and then slowly retreat. I suffered not myself to be thus put upon the wrong scent, but kept my eyes upon, and gave my attention to the main force of the enemy, and at length disconcerted and defeated his purpose, by bringing all my force to bear upon him, and compelling him to stand or be put to utter rout. He chose the latter, and fled toward that point on the Cumberland river at which the town of Rome is situated. That town is thirteen miles from Leba-

non. He fled at full speed, and was joined, a mile from town, at the junction of an intersecting road, by some two hundred or three hundred men, driven by us from the public square. My troops, with the exception of a portion left behind under the gallant Colonel Duffield and Lieutenant-Colonel Parkhurst, to look after such of the enemy as might still be secreted in the houses, followed, never permitting the enemy to get out of sight, killing, wounding, and taking prisoners at every half mile, for the distance of twenty miles, and not losing a man on our part in the chase. At Rome we recaptured Colonel Welford, who had been carried at a fearful rate, wounded as he was, a distance of thirteen miles. Having followed the enemy until my horses began to drop dead under their riders, and until the enemy had been so killed, wounded, captured, or escaped singly by byroads, that not to exceed forty men were still together, the pursuit was finally abandoned at Carthage. From Lebanon to Carthage the road was strewn with the dead and wounded enemy, and with many horses that had been shot or had fallen dead from exhaustion. In this latter respect my command suffered even more than the enemy. Bearing our trophies of victory taken in the chase, consisting of upward of one hundred prisoners besides those taken in the town, and many horses and arms, I ordered my command back. I had not proceeded far on my return until met by a messenger informing me that they were still fighting at Lebanon. I hastened with all speed, but

found all quiet and in good order when I arrived, but learned from Colonel Duffield and Lieutenant-Colonel Parkhurst and Major J. A. Brents, to all of whom I am greatly indebted for the most valuable aid, that after I had followed the retreating enemy with my main command, it was discovered that some sixty or seventy were in the Odd Fellows' Hall. These had been, in my absence, surrounded and captured. Lieutenant-Colonel Wood was among the number. All their horses, arms, and equipments were also captured. This was a good job, and made me proud of the victory achieved, valor displayed, and trophies won.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Wood took refuge in this hall, in the hope that all my troops would follow Morgan, and that he could then withdraw with his men and escape. In this purpose he was signally defeated by the vigilance of Colonel Duffield, Lieutenant-Colonel Parkhurst, Major Brents, Captain Essington, Lieutenant Birnet, and the officers and men to whom that duty had been by me confided. It was Major Brents who threw a guard of the 1st Kentucky cavalry to the rear and prevented the escape. To this faithful officer I am greatly indebted for valuable service in charge of the prisoners and captured property, as well as his Assistant Adjutant, M. C. Bayles, 4th Kentucky cavalry.

"The disloyal inhabitants, it is believed by many, united with the enemy, fired from the houses upon and killed some of my men. I thought to punish these murderous 'non-combatants' and as-

sassins by burning down the houses from which the firing came, but found that I could not do it without destroying the property of Union men, of which some of the best specimens in Tennessee or any other land or country reside in this town. I feared, too, that I might make a mistake and do injustice, as some that I arrested declared that, though firing came from their houses, they did not fire, but that Morgan's and Wood's men, when hotly pursued, broke into the houses and did the firing. Such was possible. I doubted, but could not disprove it.

"Of the horses captured, many had been taken by Morgan from loyal citizens; indeed, that seems to be his mode of always keeping well mounted on fresh horses. I have returned many of these, and it affords me great pleasure to do it.

"In this expedition we killed and wounded many of the enemy. A number were killed and wounded in town, but by far the greater number in the pursuit. They lay along the road for a distance of twenty miles. On our return we found that many of them had been taken away by the inhabitants. I have been told that we killed upward of sixty, among whom was Captain A. C. Brown, of Louisiana, brother-in-law of Governor Isham G. Harris. We captured upward of one hundred and fifty prisoners, among whom is Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Wood, of West Adams's regiment of cavalry, one assistant-surgeon, one captain, two lieutenants acting as captains, one lieutenant; the adjutant of West Adams's regiment of cavalry,

one lieutenant; the acting adjutant of Morgan's squadron, four other lieutenants, and twenty-three non-commissioned officers, including the sergeant-major of Morgan's squadron.

"We captured upward of one hundred and fifty horses and mules, many saddles and bridles, and many swords, guns, and pistols. A number of negro slaves fell into our hands, acting as the servants of Morgan's officers and men.

"We captured an elegant American flag that had been taken from the dome of the court house the night before. Also a most elegant sword, presented to Major Grosvenor, of the 18th Ohio Volunteers, and captured by Morgan at Pulaski from Adjutant J. C. Neil, who was deputed by the donors to present it. It will afford me pleasure to return it to its gallant owner. We also captured Morgan's negro and mare. Morgan told Colonel Wolford, while the Colonel was in his hands as a prisoner, that his force was upward of eight hundred. Our loss was ten killed, twenty-one wounded, and five missing, a list of which is appended.

"It will be observed that, in this expedition, I started with nothing but infantry, and that, owing to the celerity of the enemy, I was compelled to drop my infantry, and that I finally fought the battle wholly with cavalry; that I started southward, but finally struck the enemy east and north of Nashville, and more than one hundred miles from where I first took his trail. It would be unjust not to state the part the infantry bore in this expedi-

tion (though it was not their good fortune to be in the fight), and to avoid that injustice my report is longer than I could wish. The time consumed in this expedition, the distance travelled, the changing character of my troops, and the details of the fight and pursuit, will, I trust, afford a sufficient apology for so many words. As I had to gather up my fighting men here and there, as I marched, it makes details prolix.

“In the ‘chase,’ the long chase, that stalwart and brave old man, Colonel Wynkoop, 7th Pennsylvania cavalry, led the van, cheering his men *on*, and still *on*. Captain David Braden, Assistant Adjutant-General on my staff, is worthy of favorable mention. Quick, active, determined, and brave, no one, no matter how experienced or meritorious, could have rendered me better service, or held out under the most exhausting fatigue with more unflagging spirit. He was in the midst and thickest of the fight in town, at the head of the chase, and the last to abandon it.

“Major James Given, 7th Pennsylvania cavalry, after fighting most bravely, and proving himself of the most undoubted pluck, fell into the hands of the enemy—mistaking Morgan’s forces for those of Wofford. He was carried by Morgan a few miles beyond Carthage, and released on his parole. After his capture the command of his squadron devolved upon Captain Essington, who did good service and approved himself equal to the emergency. He was as I am informed, a valuable aux-

iliary to Colonel Duffield in the capture of Lieutenant-Colonel Wood and his band.

“Special mention may with propriety be made of Lieutenant R. F. Mason, Adjutant of Colonel Wynkoop. He was conspicuous throughout the fight for his intrepidity. He was wounded in the arm, and his escape from death was most marvelous, as is attested by the fact that his rubber coat was pierced by many bullets.

“Second Lieutenants Greeno and Taylor, of the same regiment, are also named with great praise for good conduct. They were both wounded, but would not leave the field until the enemy was vanquished and routed and victory won.

“William Spence, a citizen of Murfreesboro, Tenn., acted as my volunteer aid on this occasion, and rendered me service for which I must ever feel grateful. He is true as steel, and an utter stranger to fear.

“I particularly noticed upon the field the conduct of Lieutenant M. C. Bayles, Adjutant 4th Kentucky cavalry. It was such as to excite admiration and to merit warm commendation. If I had promotion to bestow for capacity and good conduct, I know not where I would find a more worthy, capable, and gallant recipient. Colonel G. Clay Smith mentions him in his report in terms of praise. He also speaks of the meritorious conduct of Major John F. Gunkle, Surgeon Samuel L. Adams, Captains Kurfees, Magowan, Willing, Lieutenants Bennett, Bird, Kenys, Ryan, Weston, Rogers, Fritsch,

and Church, and his aid, G. Clay Goodloe, all of the 4th Kentucky cavalry. It affords me pleasure to add my testimony to that of their gallant colonel. He awards them no credit to which they are not well entitled.

“Of the 7th Pennsylvania cavalry, credit is due to Captains Darth, May, Shafer, and McCormick, and to Lieutenants Hilier, Veil, Childs, Umbleby, McFadden, Ricketts, Reed, Burge, Warfield, Allison, and Wood, as well as to such officers of said regiments as have been already named. I especially noticed Captain McCormick performing deeds of valor requiring a strong arm, a steady hand, and a stout heart.

“It was not the good fortune of Lieutenant-Colonel Ruckstuhl and Captain Chilson, 4th Kentucky cavalry, to be in this fight, but there was no one in the fight entitled to more credit than they. They it was who, under my orders, followed Morgan day and night with but a handful of men, so to speak, from Friday to Sunday night. It was through their instrumentality that I was able to keep the trail of the enemy while trying to gather the force with which to chastise him. I would be unmindful of merit if I did not speak of them in terms of commendation.

“Of the 1st Kentucky cavalry, besides those already named, particular mention is made, in the report of Major Brents, of Captains Sweeny, Owens, Morrison, Coppage, Dillon, Jenkins, Hackley, Alexander, Carter, Smith, Lieutenant Ad-

ams, Quartermaster, Lieutenants Welford, Dry, Coppage, Perkins, Carr, Van Dyke, Dillon, Ballard, Jenkins, Blane, Burton, Robson, Dick, Huffaker, Mays, Pankey, Hill, Fishback, Luckett, and Roland. What the Major says meets my approbation. They well merit the praise he so handsomely bestows.

“I can bestow no praise upon the soldiers of my command that would exceed their merit; they cannot be individually named, but the victory, after all, is theirs, theirs the honor, theirs the plaudits of a grateful country.

“In this conflict some of them poured out their blood and offered up their lives upon their country’s altar. Of such, weak and feeble are the words I may utter. Gallant spirits! they fought to maintain liberty on earth, and died to perpetuate the best government upon which the day ever dawned. The soil upon which they bled will be sacred soil. Green be the sod above them! Their last resting place shall be forever hallowed. For such, earth has no adequate reward—there is none this side the paradise of God, and, borne on wings of love, they have gone to receive it. With outstretched arms, the Saviour has embraced them and welcomed them to bliss immortal. Let the tearful eye become dry, and the wounded heart cease to bleed. Your son was a good soldier, died in a just cause, and is but taken home to God—a denizen of heaven, an heir of immortality. He fought the good fight and kept the faith, is honorably discharged, and beyond

the din of battle and conflicts of earth, has gone to a blessed clime to locate his warrant. Tempted to the skies by heavenly harmonies, trumpet tones and bugle notes may not recall him.

“E. DUMONT,  
“Brigadier General Commanding.”

I may add to this report a few words in regard to the battle, in justice to the parties concerned. Major Brents, with a portion of the 1st Kentucky cavalry, were the only troops left in town to operate against Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, and Major Brents disposed of his troops so as to capture Colonel Wood and his forces. Captain Essington and a force of the 7th Pennsylvania cavalry returned to town a few moments before Colonel Wood surrendered to Major Brents and Captain Essington. Colonels Duffield and Parkhurst came up after the surrender. All the officers and men of the 1st Kentucky cavalry did well, but some distinguished themselves more than others, perhaps from having a better opportunity. Captain Morrison, in particular, with a portion of his company, was in the advance and made the attack. He displayed great courage and skill, and had several holes perforated in his clothes. It was here that the severest fighting took place. Lieutenant Adams was also with the advance and displayed great courage, as also did Sergeant George W. Cabbell, who was killed in another part of the engagement, while charging upon the enemy. Captains Dillon and Jenkins

made a determined attack upon a squad of rebels concealed in a stable, and drove them from it. Cabbell fell here, and Lieutenant Jenkins received a severe wound in the shoulder. Captain Jesse M. Carter displayed great courage and activity. He was foremost in the pursuit of Morgan, and followed him till he crossed Cumberland river, a distance of twenty-three miles. He recaptured Colonel Wolford, and took many prisoners. W. H. Honnell, our chaplain, was in the midst of the severest of the fight and was captured, but afterward made his escape. Others did as well in the engagement, but these names are prominent in my mind. The victory was a brilliant one, and the rebel Morgan, for the first time in his career, was defeated.

As we were marching from Pulaski to Rodgersville, three or four officers dismounted and went into a house for water. They were met at the door by the landlady, who inquired their business, and at the same time told them they had better be going, as they had a case of the smallpox in the house. One of the officers replied,

“Madam, that makes no difference with us, as we have several cases among our troops; and as it will not endanger you any, we will leave them with you.”

*Landlady.* “It is *true* we have two cases of the yellow fever here.”

*Officer.* “We had two soldiers die last night with the yellow fever.”

*Landlady.* "You had better be going and get to your work, as you will have plenty to do."

*Officer.* "I am afraid we will not find it, as your soldiers appear to be very fast on foot."

*Landlady.* "It is just as the Scriptures say, 'Brother shall strive against brother.'"

*Officer.* "Well, madam, don't find fault with us, as we are only fulfilling the Scriptures;" to which the landlady made no remark. The officer continued,

"Madam, we throw away a large amount of coffee, and as we now have a surplus, I will give you a half bushel for the same amount of meal."

The daughter said, "Mamma, don't do it; they want to poison us." She then turned to the officer and said,

"What are you doing so far south?"

*Officer.* "We came down into Dixie to marry."

*Young Lady.* "If all the girls are like me, you will go back disappointed, as I will die an old maid rather than marry a Yankee."

The officers then went to the well in the yard, and drank of the purest of all drinks; and mounting their horses, rode away.

In my letter I left a portion of the cavalry at Rodgersville, a portion at Columbia, and another at Shelbyville. At the time of writing I was at Nashville. The next day I proceeded to Shelbyville, where I found a part of the regiment, the men and horses exhausted with active and severe service. On the 22d of May I received orders to take

all my available force and proceed immediately to Manchester, and there form a junction with the 4th Kentucky cavalry, for the purpose of capturing all the rebel forces in that direction. We started at once and reached Manchester after dark by a circuitous route. Here we learned that the 4th Kentucky cavalry had been near that place and returned to camp. We attempted to get corn to feed our horses, but as we could not find enough to feed all we started back to camp, via Wartrace, on the same road travelled by the 4th Kentucky cavalry. As we marched into Manchester from the south side, we were taken for Colonel Stearns' rebel cavalry, and in this way obtained valuable information. After we had gone about two miles from town, I sent a sergeant to a house to see if we could get corn. The landlord met them and said, "I suppose you belong to Colonel Stearns' regiment."

*Sergeant.* "Yes, sir, and I was ordered here to procure corn to feed our horses."

*Landlord.* "I would be most happy to accommodate you, but I really have not as much as will make my bread till Fall."

*Sergeant.* "Can we get any on the road?"

*Landlord.* "I really don't know. This is a very poor country, and I don't know of any one that has more than enough for bread. Where are you going?"

*Sergeant.* "We are going toward Wartrace."

*Landlord.* "Why, the whole country in that direction is alive with Lincoln troops; a regiment

of cavalry passed here to-day; and if your Colonel knew it he would not go in that direction for the world. I know him, and he is not going to be caught in danger if he can avoid it."

The sergeant got all the information he could and then joined the squad. In a few moments two officers called at the house. The landlord said, "Where is Colonel Stearns?" "I am the man," said one of the officers. "One of your men was here," responded the landlord, "wanting corn, and I was very sorry I could not supply him, for I will do anything in my power for the cause; but I must confess everything looks very gloomy at present. It seems as if the Yankees would soon have the entire State. A regiment of them were here to-day. You had better not go in the direction of Wartrace, for the whole country is alive with them."

The officers, after inquiring about the feelings of the people and obtaining all the information this fellow had, bid him good night and rode away. I have no doubt he told the truth about corn, as it was a very poor country. He was a man of good sense, and one of the best citizens in that country.

We marched till about ten o'clock, then rested till morning, when we rode to Wartrace, fed our horses, got breakfast, and returned to Shelbyville, having travelled sixty miles in twenty-six hours. In a few days we marched to Pulaski with all the camp equipage, where we found the other portion of our regiment, except two hundred men at Columbia. The next day Lieutenant Adams and myself

rode alone to Columbia, although the country was then full of guerillas, and our troops never travelled except in large bodies. We were not interrupted, however. In a short time the whole regiment moved to Columbia, where they remained till July, scouting in that section and rendering other service. They also made one trip to McMinnville, Tenn.

On the 2d day of July, 1862, I resigned my position as an officer in the army, for reasons stated in the resignation, which was accepted. So I doffed my uniform for the suit of a civilian, and bade farewell to those with whom I had been associated for eleven months. I had been treated kindly by both officers and privates. My intercourse with Colonel Wolford had been most agreeable, upon all occasions being treated most kindly by him. This separation was a severe trial.—But it is not my intention to intrude my individual actions upon the reader, any further than is necessary to explain matters of public interest.

I cannot conclude this chapter without giving brief personal sketches of some of the officers of the 1st Kentucky cavalry, whom I have already noticed, and perhaps excited an interest to know more about them.

REV. W. H. HONNELL,

Of Mercer county, Ky., a single man, aged about thirty-five years, was our chaplain. He was a model clergyman: not that he preached much, or

appeared sanctimonious, or intruded his religious notions upon any one; but because of his devotion to the sick and wounded. Not a soldier could be taken sick without his knowing it. He visited and conversed with all, ascertained their wants, and had them supplied if it was possible. Nor was this conduct occasional; it was continual and unceasing. His name has been blessed a thousand times by sick and helpless soldiers. When any died, he was foremost in providing them a decent and Christian burial. He was not only kind and tender to the sick and wounded, but treated every one with gentleness and respect. Further, he was no coward. He delighted to be upon the battlefield, encouraging the soldiers by his presence, and waiting upon and caring for the wounded, praying for the success of our arms while the battle was in progress. When marching, he was always in front near his gallant Colonel; and when the conflict raged, he could be seen where the danger was greatest, attending to the wounded and dying. He was at the battle of Mill Springs, administering to the necessities of the disabled, and was near General Zollicoffer when he fell. Dismounting from his horse, he lifted the General from out the road where excited combatants were dashing to and fro, and carried his dying form to a place where it would not be trampled beneath the horses' feet. He was also in front at Lebanon in the fight with Colonel Wolford. He became separated from his regiment, and rode into the rebel ranks, mistaking

them for Union troops, when the following dialogue took place.

*Colonel Morgan.* "You take a position yonder," directing him to the rear.

*Honnell.* "I desire to go to my own regiment."

*Morgan.* "I told you where to go."

*Honnell.* "I don't like to be treated in such a way. I am chaplain of the 1st Kentucky cavalry, and want to go to my regiment."

*Morgan.* "It is hard for you to understand: that I am Colonel Morgan, and you are my prisoner. My men need your prayers as well as Wolford's."

Honnell saw the position he was in, and submitted quietly. When Morgan commenced his retreat, he took Honnell along with him. After travelling at a pretty rapid gait for some distance, and the Unionists getting pretty close to them, Morgan said, "Well, Chaplain, I suppose we will have to separate, but before going you must pray." About this time a squad of Union cavalry dashed up, and Morgan had to proceed without a prayer from our chaplain.

He accompanied the expedition from Glasgow to Nashville via Livingston, and was much delighted with the chase after rebels. He is now making notes, and intends publishing a book containing a complete account of the campaigns of the 1st regiment of Kentucky cavalry, which will, I have no doubt, be very interesting.

## LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN W. LETCHER.

This officer resides in Garrard county, Ky. He is a good drill-officer, energetic, and attentive to his duties. He was with Colonel Garfield in his campaign, and with his troops received a favorable notice from that officer. Colonel Letcher was in the battle of Lebanon, and was complimented by General Dumont, whose report is inserted in this work. I was with the Colonel but little, as the regiment was divided for several months, and therefore cannot say more in regard to his services.

## MAJOR FRANCIS M. HELVETI.

Major Helveti is a Prussian by birth, and has resided for several years past in Lexington, Ky. He served a number of years in the Prussian army, and is thoroughly acquainted with all the duties of an officer; is a good drill-master in both cavalry and infantry tactics. He commenced his services as adjutant, but was soon promoted to the rank of major. He acted as aid to General Schoepf at the battle at Wildcat. He has been quite unfortunate. About the 1st of December, 1861, he was wounded and taken prisoner not far from the battle-ground of Mill Springs; was conveyed south and kept till February, 1862, when he was duly exchanged. His wound not being entirely healed, he received leave of absence for a month, and after-

ward was placed on duty at Louisville, where he remained until May, when he started for Tennessee to join his regiment, but was again taken a prisoner by Colonel John Morgan at Cave City, Ky., and paroled. He is a good officer and a kind gentleman.

MAJOR WILLIAM A. COFFEY.

This officer is a physician, and resides in Madison county, Ky. He was very energetic in raising troops for the regiment, recruiting two companies in Madison county. He is a man of fine sense; very prepossessing, and presents a fine military appearance. He had the command of a squadron of cavalry at Somerset for some time before the battle of Mill Springs, and rendered important service, as his force was the only cavalry at that point, while the rebels had quite a large body. He was taken a prisoner with Major Helveti at Cave City, but was paroled that he might proceed to Washington and effect the exchange of Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, who was taken at Lebanon, for himself. As he was unsuccessful, he proceeded to Tennessee and surrendered to the rebel authorities. He is a married man, and I believe served a campaign in Mexico.

CAPTAIN JOHN A. MORRISON.

This officer entered the army in July, 1861, as a lieutenant in the company of cavalry raised in

Clinton county, and was in September promoted to the rank of captain. He has distinguished himself for courage, skill, and energy. I have already mentioned some of the services rendered by him. If there was to be a campaign of any importance, he would be along; if a battle was to be fought, he would be in the front ranks; he never sought rest if anything was to be done. His company was with Colonel Bramlette at Lexington, also at Clay's Ferry. He was at Wildcat, but was ordered in another direction before the battle. At the head of his company he attacked with success a rebel camp at Travisville, Tenn. These were the first Union troops in Tennessee. An account of this affair is given elsewhere. His company was in the battle of Mill Springs, but a typhoid fever prevented him from joining them. At the battle of Lebanon he distinguished himself greatly. He was with the expedition through Livingston and other places, and captured many of the prisoners. Other important services, which I need not mention, have been rendered by him; indeed, he was ever active, and was never content while idle. In June, 1862, while at home in Clinton county on a leave of absence, he was attacked by a band of guerillas, who wounded him in the head and arm; he, however, made his escape. He is about twenty-eight years old, tall and slender, has a large head, prominent forehead, and a good intellect. Receiving but a limited education, he is a self-made man, and promises fair: is married, and has several children.

## CAPTAIN FRANK N. ALEXANDER.

This officer recruited his company in Wayne county, Ky., where he resides. He has distinguished himself for bravery and energy. He rendered good service at the battles of Wildcat, Mill Springs, and Lebanon, and displayed great courage and coolness in all these actions. He is beloved by every officer and private in the regiment, being very kind to his men. He is perhaps thirty-five years old; is a married man, but has no children.

## CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

Is a young man, a good, kind, and brave officer, and has rendered excellent service. His company was at Camp Wildcat several weeks before the battle, and were continually skirmishing with the enemy, in one of which affairs he received a severe wound in the wrist. He has the confidence of every officer in the regiment; performs any service imposed upon him without a murmur—a valuable quality in an officer. He recruited his company in Washington county, where he resides.

I cannot, in a work of this kind, be expected to give a notice of all our officers. There are others in the 1st Kentucky cavalry just as gallant and as brave as those mentioned; and, if this book falls into the hands of any of those whose names are omitted, they must not be offended on account of the omission. I will say here that my association

with the officers was most agreeable. I found them to be clever gentlemen and brave soldiers. Lieutenant Miller, a gallant officer, died upon the battle field. Lieutenant Jenkins was wounded while charging upon the enemy. Lieutenants William Perkins, George W. Drye, Silas Adams, F. M. Wolford, S. Coppage, — Dillon, Ballard, Dick Griffin, and others, I have seen on the field, and know they proved themselves true. I have mentioned Captain Carter and others elsewhere. For the names of other officers who have distinguished themselves, I will refer to General Dumont's report of the battle of Lebanon.

COLONEL WILLIAM A. HOSKINS.

I cannot conclude without a brief notice of Colonel Hoskins, of the 12th Kentucky regiment of infantry. He was born and educated in Garrard county, Ky., but for several years past has resided in Clinton county, where he engaged in the coal trade, being the owner of some very valuable mines in the northeastern part of the county, about six miles from the Cumberland river. He is a man of medium size, has red hair and whiskers, a well balanced head and fine intellect. He is perhaps thirty-five years old; is a married man, and has an interesting family. He has lost property at the hands of guerillas, and his family, like many others, have had to flee from their home. I have already said that he assisted in organizing a com-

pany of Home Guards in Clinton county, and visited Washington to procure arms for the company, and that he was instrumental in producing a change in Washington which resulted in the establishment of Camp Dick Robinson. He was quartermaster for a while at this camp, and afterward commissioned Colonel, and recruited and organized the 12th Kentucky regiment. Before this, with a company of the 1st Kentucky cavalry and the Home Guards, he made a campaign south of the Cumberland river and in Tennessee, and with eight hundred men maintained a position for one week in the face of perhaps five thousand of the enemy. After the battle of Mill Springs he, with the other forces of General Thomas, joined General Buell, and has been in his department ever since. He is a noble officer, and one of the most accomplished and agreeable gentlemen in Kentucky.

In concluding this chapter, I will give the result of my observations and conversations while in the State of Tennessee. As a southern man, I could perhaps better understand this people than those not acquainted with their institutions and habits.

Men generally did not talk much to Union soldiers, as they were unwilling to commit themselves. The women talked very freely, and of course expressed the views of their fathers and husbands. The masses of them honestly believe they have as much right to their negro property as to any other. They maintain their claim to this species of prop-

erty to be perfectly sacred and inviolate. The women are wholly enlisted in the southern cause. They cannot be too kind to their soldiers; nor will they permit the men at home to see any peace till they join the army. Wives send their husbands, mothers send their sons, and young ladies will not speak to a single man unless he enlists in the army.

Much has been said about starvation in the South: I have seen it stated that the South could not raise sufficient grain and meat to sustain the people and army. One fact is sufficient to dispel this idea. At the commencement of the rebellion the people of the southern States were almost entirely engaged in the production of cotton, and dependent to a great extent upon Kentucky, Missouri, and the western States for breadstuffs, horses, hogs, and mules. They have lived through one year with this supply almost entirely cut off. Since the war commenced they have planted mostly grain instead of cotton: the new crop has matured. Why should any one at this time, after they have gone through nearly two years, say that they will starve? It is true many will suffer; a large number may be limited for food; but we should not expect to starve them into submission. Old corn was abundant in Middle Tennessee last summer. The citizens had plenty of bacon for their use. The new crop of corn was very large, and looked well. The wheat crop was also large, but not very good. The southern people are better prepared to-day with provisions than they were at the outset.

It has also been said that the Southern soldiers are in great want of clothing. It is true that clothing is scarce in their army, and what they have is of an inferior quality. Men can do with little clothing when forced to. Yet they get large quantities of clothing from England. They have large amounts of wool raised in Texas, Tennessee, and other States; they have besides any amount of cotton, and have some factories. If each family was to make two suits it would supply the army. Texas can supply the whole South with hides. Other States also furnish hides which they can put into some kind of leather. They get shoes and boots from England. Already large quantities of clothing have been captured from our armies.

It has been said, likewise, that the South are not united. I assert that they are more united than the North. It is true a Union sentiment prevails in places, but this is a trifle compared with the entire population. They were not of one mind at the beginning of the rebellion, but circumstances have united them. It has been hoped that the people of the South would get tired of the war, and desert the cause as a hopeless one. They are now tired of the war, but still think they will succeed; and they will not desist from their efforts while there is any hope.

The resources of the South have been underrated. This has been fully proven by the past. We should study the true condition of affairs, and not deceive ourselves. We should ascertain what

we have to do in order to crush the rebellion, and then use such means as are necessary to do it. The enemy is strong and active, and exerting every energy. He has a large army of well-disciplined troops, commanded by able generals. But they must be conquered. We must unite, and put forth all our energies. The best generals should be placed in the field, who should be active, and strike heavy blows, and continue blow after blow. We must strike for their capital, and at all their lines, and then for the heart of their dominions. The Federal Government must be saved. It is the best ever organized by man. We are engaged in a struggle between Liberty and Slavery: we must not let the banner of Liberty fall. It is a struggle between Constitutional Liberty and Tyranny. In the name of all that is sacred, keep the banner of Liberty waving. The friends of Freedom in all parts of the world are looking with the deepest interest upon this struggle. We must not let their hopes sink with our banner. Let us keep it waving—*Constitutional Liberty and the Star-Spangled Banner forever!*

## CONCLUSION.

CRIME and corruption exist to a very great degree. Ignorance is the parent of crime, misery, and slavery. The human race must become enlightened before these cease to exist. The amelioration of the human race will be gradual. Negro slavery or any other kind of slavery is an evil—a curse. Despotisms, and all governments not founded upon the consent of the governed, are evils. All evils will finally be removed—all mankind will be free. The people of the United States were blessed with the best government ever organized by man. They were enjoying Constitutional Liberty to a greater extent than any other people; they were making more rapid progress in civilization than any people; they had imperfections; and they would have finally surmounted all evils and imperfections without a sudden revolution of great magnitude, except for one evil—negro slavery. Will not the war cease till slavery (the cause) be removed? Yes. The struggle between freedom and slavery will continue; it will be with mind, and not physical force. Will the war end slavery in the Southern States? It may end the present

system. The negroes belong to an inferior race; they will continue to be dependent beings for a considerable time; they will look to superior minds for help. In addition to their natural inferiority, the system of slavery to which they have been reduced blunts all the better feelings of the mind. It is debasing. All intellectual food is withheld from the mind.

Physical force may become necessary. It is necessary to defend a good and republican government against those who would destroy it. Where it can be, let mind appeal to mind. We are in the midst of a revolution. It is a struggle to maintain the principles of freedom.

I have said that slavery was the cause of the rebellion. How was this? The Southern people hold that slavery is of *divine origin*, therefore not prohibited by Christianity—that it is a political and civil blessing. The Northern people hold that slavery is unchristian—a moral, political, and social evil—that it is a relic of barbarism. Here is a war of ideas—an “irrepressible conflict.” There was no necessity for physical force. The radicals of the North presented the question in an offensive manner. The Southern leaders hoped to check a moral revolution which will ultimately liberate those in bondage.

War has been forced upon the American people. The Government must be sustained,—

Because it is a good Government.

Because it is a republican Government.

Because those in rebellion against it had no cause for the act.

Because the oppressed of all nations are looking to the American people to sustain the principles of republicanism.

Because if the Government is sustained, it will be a triumph of civilization and intelligence over ignorance and crime.

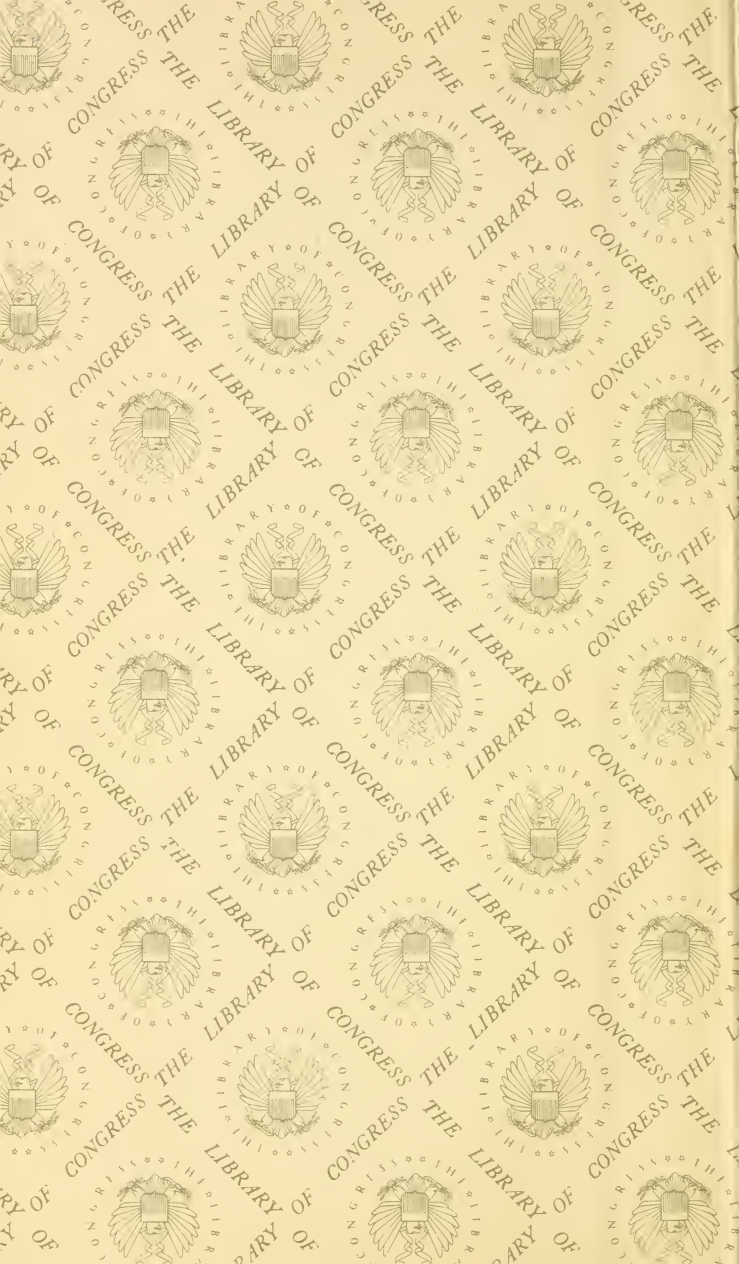
Because the success of the Government will be a triumph of Liberty.

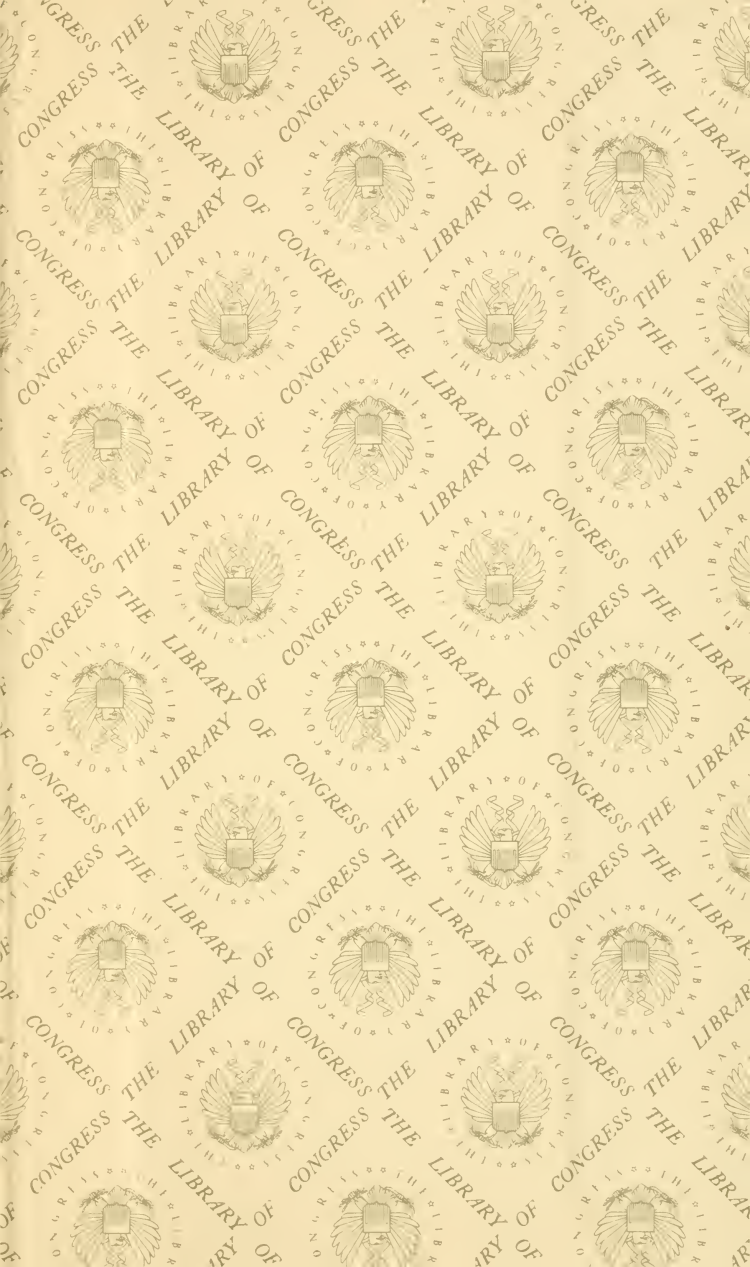
TRUTH AND FREEDOM WILL ULTIMATELY TRIUMPH!

THE END.

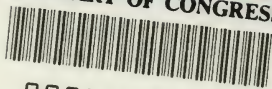








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